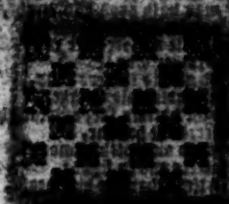


THE
HISTORY

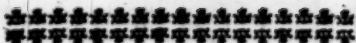
No 590

OF
SIR ROGER
SIR GRAHAME
AND
SIR GRAY-STEEL

Newly corrected and amended.



Printed in the Year, 1687.



THE HISTORY OF SIR EGER,
Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray. steel,

In to the Kinrick of Bealm,
There winn'd a hoib of that Realm :
He was the greatest of renown,
Except the King that wore the Crown,
His name was Earl Diges,
And his Lady Dame Biges :
And his Daughter Quintilanz,
Husband would he never have nane,
Neither for gold nor yet for good,
Nor yet for bighness of his blood,
But only he that through swords dint,
That chat won and never tint.
Als there was men in that Kinrick,
Many one, but very few lik,
They sought far oth'er for to lang,
And he was maiden wonder lang.
Her father had a noble rout
Of bold Knights strong and stout :
But in that Court there was a Knight,
A hardy man both good and wight,
They called him Sir Eger,
And he was but a Batcheler :
His eldest brother was liband,
And brooked all his fathers land,
Yet was he courtously taught,
And he sought battels far, and sought,
And conquered the hamir,
Dull weapons and with armour :
Both in battels and in fight :
While on a time that he him beght,
And he granted him her good-will,
Her father assented soon theretill,
Her friends were fain that she would
Dance in her heart it for to hold.

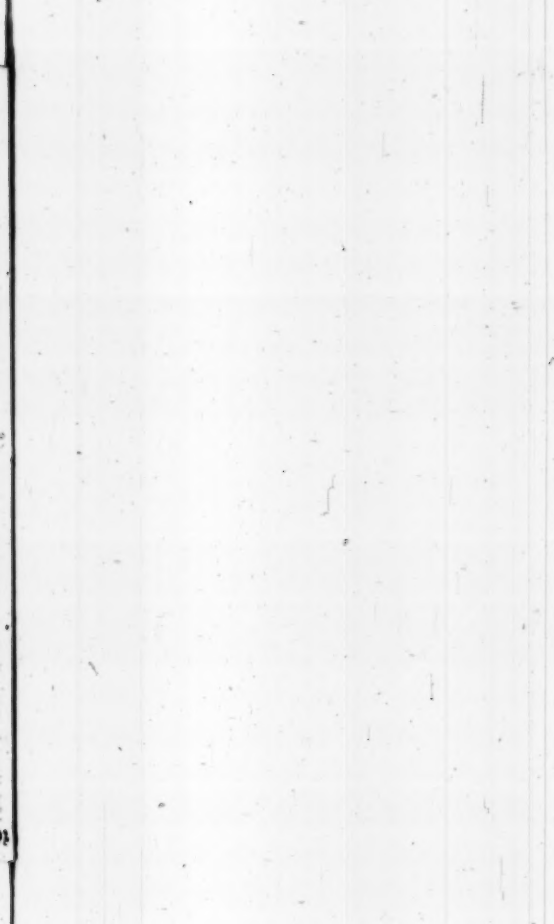
That



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That she would have to her a pier,
 A Barron or a Batcheller.
 There was into that Carles train
 A young Knight that heght Sir Grahame.
 Sir Eger and he,
 They were of one companie,
 They were not brethren born,
 But they were brethren sworn,
 They were not of one blood,
 But they were fellows very good,
 They had a Chamber them alone,
 Better loved never none.
 While that upon a time Sir Eger,
 For to win honour went,
 And he went forth him alone,
 And all vanquished came he home,
 In his Chamber upon a night,
 Wounded sore and evil sight,
 His knife was tint, his heath was tane,
 His scabert by his thigh was gane.
 He had no wounds with sword and knite,
 When ever man that had his life,
 A truncheon of his spear he bare,
 To lean him on, he had no more,
 On his bed-side he late him down,
 He groined sore and fell in down.
 Sir Grahame again, and mightily raile,
 And goes to him, and said, Alace,
 I for thy sorrow am full wo,
 That I was then so far thee fro,
 When that thou stood in such distress,
 And I at home in merriness.
 When we departed at yond gate,
 Thou was full blith, and light of late:
 My deliver of thy weck.
 To prove thy man-hood on a need,
 And thou art now both good and greet,
 Into thy walk where thou hast been.
 What ever he was that gave thee Calyle,
 It was not little that made thee saile,

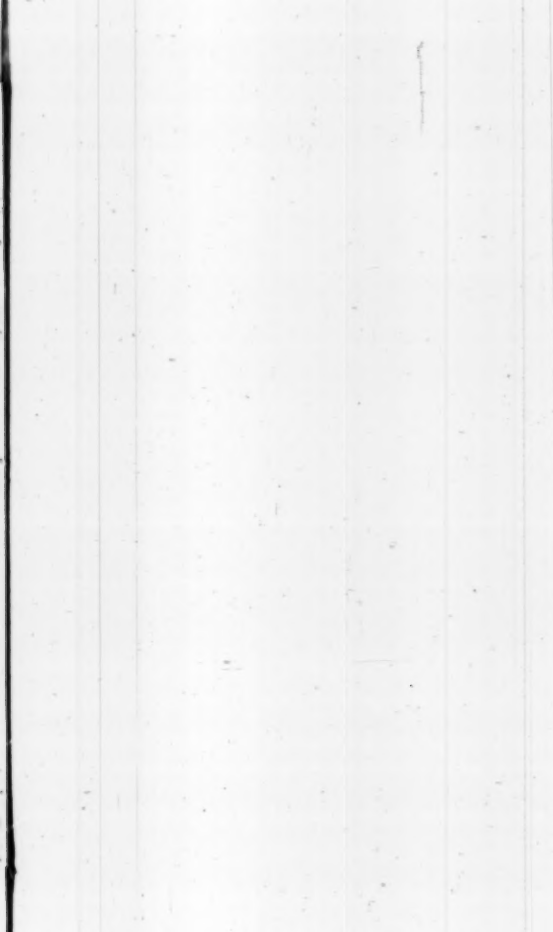
I am wounded and hurt full sore,
 And tint my man-hood for evermore.
 Lost the Lady, for she is gone,
 Other Knights have stayed at home,
 Kept their man-hood fair and clean,
 Will brook her now before mine een.
 Then said Sir Grahame to Sir Eger,
 Ye grieve you more then miller were,
 Is none seemly in his weed,
 To prove his man-hood on a need,
 In battel though he be destroyed,
 Why should his man-hood be reproved?
 Or yet his Ladyes love to tine.
 Sir Eger said, let be Sir Grahame,
 I rode adventures for to see,
 Bodden as a man should be:
 Likelier Armour then I had,
 Was no Christian man in clad:
 Weapons and need thereto,
 A bodie like right well to doe,
 I saw no man, so God me need,
 But one Knight upon a need:
 Hand for hand together we ran,
 But company of any man.
 He forcelie picked me again,
 Defouled my self, my need hath slain.
 I met a man into my care,
 Forbade me that I should come there,
 But if Iicker were and traist,
 Of courage keen, and mights maist,
 Neither of heart nor yet of hand,
 Nothing feeble nor yet dreadand:
 And armed well inicker weed,
 Weapons, for they will stand in need,
 Of mine worle he held him payd,
 He bade me if I were affrayd.
 Counsel'd me I came not than,
 Within repairing of that man,
 I should be readie, and not to light,
 To byde the coming of that Knight,



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For then there should no leasure be,
 But either to fight or else to fle.
 I took my leave and forth I fure,
 Beside a mount upon a moo:
 Then I perceived by my sight,
 That he had reached me full right,
 And understood which was the Land.
 A Forrest lay on ever hand,
 A River that was deep and wide,
 I found no entres at a side:
 On to a Forth, and over I rode,
 Into the other side but hode,
 And I had but a short while ridden
 Into the land that was forbidden:
 When I heard moving in the forest,
 As it had been of hoxles feet:
 My steed before me had good sight,
 Cast up his head, and woxthed light.
 We crapt together, and would have run,
 I hearkned where that din should come:
 I looked a little me before,
 I saw a knight ride on a soze:
 With red shiels, and red spear,
 And all of red shined his gear,
 He rode upon a sturdie steed,
 We let him come with all his speed:
 Our hoxle together rushed hein,
 Alace, that meeting I may mean,
 For through birnie and through blasoun,
 Through accoun and through habergeoun,
 Out through my gear both less and mare,
 And through my body be me bare:
 Yet still upon my saddle I sat,
 And on his breast my spear I brakt,
 His spear again to him he drew,
 He mist my self, my steed he slew:
 Then lighted I deliberite,
 But not so soon ready was he,
 Ere ever I might my good sword wield,
 Again he strake me in the shield.

Through force of him and of his deed,
 He bare me down, and over me yeed.
 And then on foot I started soon,
 And thought as I had lately done,
 For to revenge my needs bane,
 The great defoul my self had tane,
 And even as he by me out drew,
 I mist himself, his deed I flew.
 To counter on foot he was full thre,
 His good spear I stroke in twa :
 He drew a sword, a worthy weapon,
 The first dint on me could happen :
 For through ventill and pensel he spere,
 Into my shoulder the inch and mare.
 When I him hit upon the crown,
 A cantil of his helm hang down :
 And for that stroke I would not let,
 Another upon him soon I set :
 Upon his breast with a fell draide,
 At the ground I thought he had been laide :
 Also I thought well he had gotten,
 But at that stroke my sword was broken,
 I drew a knife, I had none other,
 The which I got it from my brother :
 Another of steel soon hath he tane,
 In hands we are together gane,
 Upon his belt with all my pith,
 I stroke him while he groined with.
 While I got blood through all his gear,
 And he me stroke in the visier :
 And wounded me into the face,
 Mine ren was sav'd, such was my grace,
 I stroke him upward in the head,
 And in the helmet my blade I leav'd,
 And with mine best behind the hand,
 I stroke him while that I might stand.
 While there came blood through the steel,
 He wants some teeth I wot right well.
 But what though blood and proper dress,
 My might waxed less and less.



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of Sir Gray-Reel:

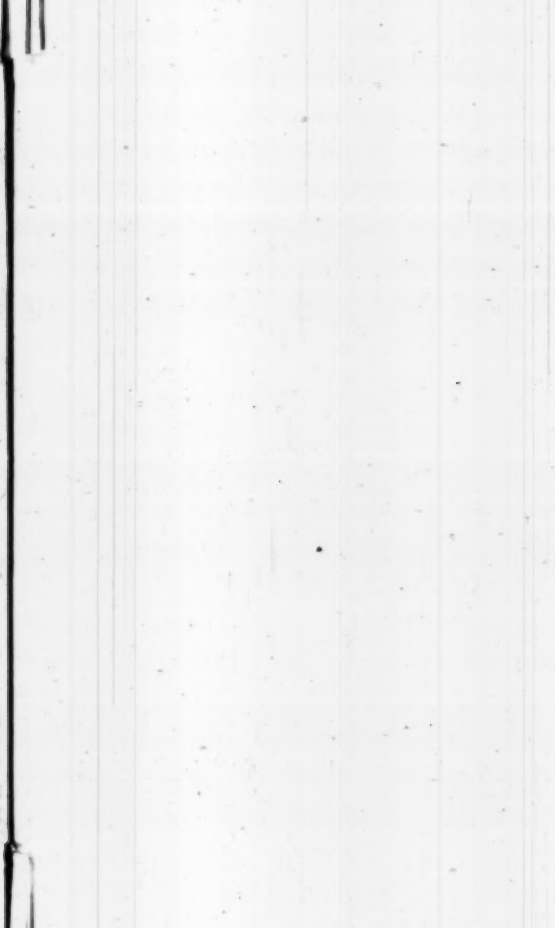
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He had a kniſe of ſine ſteel,
 He ſtrake faſt, it laſted right well.
 Wine habergeon of Willain warke,
 Laſted me no moze then my ſarke:
 For mine accoun of Willain ſine,
 Firſt was my ſarbers and then mine,
 Wine harnels helped not me a reſh,
 It ſinted never but in my fleſh.
 When I was blinded with the blood,
 And all was gone ſhould do me good.
 When blood me blinded, then in ſown,
 Betwixt his hands I fell down,
 And there a while in ſown I lay,
 When I overcame he was away.
 My little finger I miſt me ſea,
 And when I looked there I ſa,
 A ſlain knight beſide me lay,
 His little finger was away.
 And thereby might right well ſee,
 A knight met both with him and me,
 Beſide me ran a river ſtrand,
 And there I crap on feet and hand,
 And from mine eyes I waſht the blood,
 And drank while that I thought it good,
 When I had cooled me, up I riſe,
 And looked about in every place:
 My ſeed lay ſticked a little me fro,
 And his lay ſtricken the back in two.
 My weapons ſtill there they lay,
 My kniſe, my ſword, none was away:
 But all was broken, and none was bail.
 And with mine hands I could them wall,
 A truncheon of mine own ſpear,
 We thought it heauie for to bear:
 Of a ſadled boile I goe a ſide:
 He was right lean but he was wight
 He had gone byddled dayes nine,
 For ſault of ſoop was like to tyme,
 Heauily in the ſadle I ſtoode,
 And all the day on him I rode.

When

When day was gone, and come was night,
 Of a castle I got a sight :
 A little from a noble town,
 At an harbor I lighted down,
 The fairest bower I saw me by,
 That ever I saw since born was I;
 I lean'd me on my saddle to rest,
 Betinking me what was the best.
 For I had need some me to mend,
 And I was loath for to be kend :
 I had been but a short while there,
 When that a woman sweet and fair,
 Came walking from the harbor green,
 And at the bower she would have been :
 She stinted when she could me see,
 A Lady seemed she to be.
 And in scarlet she was clad,
 And all the weed that she on had,
 In red gold could it bide,
 And rich pearles set therein.
 It seem'd to me by her parrage,
 She was a Lady of great linage :
 And thought that I had bled my blood,
 Yet still upon my feet I stood.
 And she describ'd me full right,
 And hail'd me then as a knight,
 Right as a knight she hail'd me,
 And I her in the same degree :
 Sit, she said, by mine intent,
 Ye have need of better censemēt.
 And here beside there is an hall,
 A little space under the wall,
 Therein is many cruel knight,
 And leeches that are true of plight :
 That ever man came in miserie till :
 Thereto the kindest Lord at will :
 Since I am the first that with you met,
 I would you were the better bet.
 When said I to the Lady fair,
 I would not be in such repair.

But





of Sir Gray-Steel.

But Perquise you if ye might,
Of pibie questing for one night:
And a maiden me for to keep,
While I were eased with a sleep,
And some ease for mine hackney.
She said, I shal find it if I may,
Then into her house she me led,
It was great joy to see her bed,
Who set me down, and I was tane,
And lustily turned she again:
To her maidens, she had but two,
And both she caused from her to go,
The one mine hackney to his head,
And at his liking could him feed,
The other went with counsel soon,
As she her bade, so both she done:
Baked sowles she brought again;
Spice and wine, bread of main.
A lawer they have gotten soon,
Warm water into it was doun,
And in a silver bolen.
Her own hands washed mine een:
And when she saw mine hands bare,
Then wox mine anger for the mare,
My glove was helle, my finger was tint;
She might well know it was no hint:
For Gray-Steel he was of such pibie,
And his word waxed ay so wide,
Of what country that he was comin,
She might wit well I was overcomin,
She perceived that I thought shame,
She asked not what was my name,
Of what country I was come,
Into what place, or in what room:
Of what country that I were,
But eied me in all manner.
Such drink then as she gave me there,
Saw I never in my fare,
That so much could me so repose,
For I was vanquishd all before,

Wote weak and weary might no man be,
 And dy'd for blood as any tree.
 Her drinke they brought me soon in state,
 That I might speak and answer make.
 She and her maids those Ladies three,
 Of all my gear they spoyled me:
 Both of mine habylet and mine accoun,
 Washed me syne and laid me down,
 Her own hands white as the milk.
 She stopped my wounds full of silk,
 And syne laid me into a bed,
 That was with silken sheets spred.
 Then to the Lady could I say,
 No longer then against the day,
 It is not my will for to lend,
 For I would that no man me kende,
 But I may evermore concern,
 Into such state as I have been,
 It were good time to me to boun,
 Of the gentrice that ye have done.
 Wit, then she said, against your will,
 I cannot treat you to bide still.
 But if it likes you to tarry,
 Shal no man know your pilbry,
 Nor yet my self I shal not frame,
 And though I wist, I could it laim.
 Lye still and sleep with Gods blessing,
 I shal you waken then in due time.
 Her self nor yet her maidens two,
 That night into no bed would go.
 A plastroun on her knee she laid,
 And there on thoe lully she plaid.
 There to her maidens sweetly sang,
 This Lady sighed oft amang.
 What countenance ever she made,
 Some heavy thing in heart she had.
 Spice they had and noble wine,
 And ever took when they had time,
 And sundry times at me they sought,
 If that I would or yarned ought.

And



And thus they put the night near by,
Then soon after great din heard I :
Of hony birds in a herbeir,
That of love sang with voice so clear,
With dierie notes against the day.
She came to me without delay,
And brought me drink into an horn,
And since the day that I was born,
Such a good drink I never got,
When I had drunk she could me hap,
Within a day she came again,
Of all my gear she made me plain.
The drink that she gave me was green,
Into my wounds it might be seen.
The blood was fled when it was there,
And all was sound before was fair.
The bloody tents away she drew,
And tented me again with new :
The tents that in my wounds need,
Trust ye well they were no need.
They were neither lake nor line,
Of silk they were both good and fine,
The mending of my wounds,
Cost that Lady twenty pounds.
Withouther spice, salves or gries,
And other things that did me ease :
My linnen cloths were washed clean,
The blood in them might not be seen.
A sack of silk that was full dear,
She put on me which I have here :
And syne put on mine own above,
And all my clothing she hath undone,
And all my armour less and more,
She would not let me leave ought there.
Of mine haberge I had great need,
It shoud me hurt and cause me bleed :
The sorest wound that grieved me,
I wist not where that it might be,
But it was as tickle and sound,
As never weapon had wrought me wound.
Then to the Lady fair said I, Either

Whether am I in fantasy:
 Or else ye are the fairest May,
 That ever I saw vefore this day,
 All that ever hath wrought me wo.
 She saide, would God that it were so.
 But I know by your buskening
 That ye have some thing in studying,
 For your love, Sir, I think it be:
 But trust ye well and certaintie,
 As soon as love makes you agast,
 Your oymments will you nothing last,
 Your wounds they will both grow and gell,
 So y^e full soze, and be full ill
 But ye have mends that ye may mean,
 And y^e your love where ye have been:
 And bid her do as I have done,
 And they will lost and sober soon.
 My ring, my beeds sozth I brought,
 Of most fine gold, and good enough.
 She would not take them off me long,
 But on her bed down I them hang:
 Her maidens brought me sozth a scall,
 Of fine main bread and fowls hall,
 With bottles full of sweet wine,
 And thereupon I lived syne:
 Of I slept in my care,
 But now sleeps I think they were,
 Well repoided, weak and faint,
 But sickness made me never grant:
 For sozenels found I never a prile,
 While I came here within a myle,
 Then all my wounds did open once,
 As knife had gone through flesh and bones.
 I fell down dead as any stone,
 When I overcame, mine horse was gone,
 And then I would had rather,
 Then my weight of gold and silver.
 Now have I sold you less and more,
 Of all that hapned in my care:
 Now I did suffer all the pain,

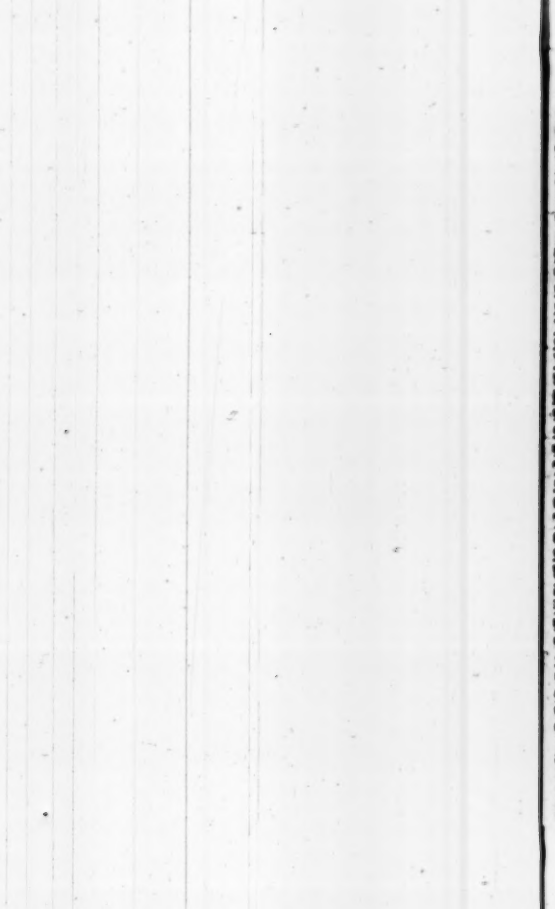




And how the Lady sent me hame,
Sir Grahame a sober man and meek,
What ever he thinks, little will speak.
Then said he to Sir Eger,
It soethinks me that ye were there :
I haue you alway hold you well
And namelie from that man Gray-Steel,
For he is called uncannand,
And spoken of in many land.
Many haue proved him for to flay,
And all failed and did not sa :
And now its best to make good chear,
And I am glad to haue you here.
From the Lady we will not lene,
That ye are now come home again,
That ye were in a far countrie,
And vexed with a fell menyle :
Sir Eger will not, nor yet Sir Grahame,
Where the Lady was all the time.
The hour wherein the Lady was,
Was from the hall a little space :
Upon her lode she had great thought,
She lay waking and slept nought,
And at the window had great sight :
When she perceiued there was a light,
And longed soe to speak with him,
She trowd right well that he was come.
A scarlet mantle hath she tane,
And so the chamber is she gane,
She heard them with a priue eie,
She stood right still, and stood withie,
Under the wall she stood so still
Heard the manner that it was ill,
She had no more things for to frame,
But to her chamber past again,
So priuily he is not gone,
But they perceiued that there was one,
They were rebe and discovered,
Sir Grahame about his ben reiked
And both the windows opened plain,

And saw the Lady pale again,
 With the light he looked farre to,
 Perceivd well that it was he :
 Sir Eger sayes, who makes that din ?
 He said, my spaweyard would be in.
 Sir Grahame crasht not, nor would blin,
 While that he got a man therein,
 That right well with all wounds could deal,
 And was right happy for to heal :
 And yet ere day the word was gone,
 That sir Eger was coming home,
 And had no wounds with sword and knife,
 When ever man that had his life,
 Riches may make him no remead,
 There is no life for him, but dead.
 The Earl unto his chamber went,
 The Countess and her maidens gent,
 And they beheld him so poudly,
 He speaks not, what ever they say,
 Nor no language to them he had,
 But sir Grahame all the answer made :
 He said, yestern when he came home,
 His tongue was not all from him gone,
 He hath me told right all the case,
 And how that matter happned was :
 A swabich in a wilderness,
 Where that nyght is near a place,
 He will nothing into his fare,
 That their linage it was all there,
 And they with all of his coming,
 Thought to slay him, and take his thing.
 They rose, and have against him gone,
 They were ten, and he was but one.
 Not one but his own steed and he,
 And yet he thought not for to flee,
 With stout heart and hardie allwa,
 The field he took against all tha :
 This may ye wit that he was bold,
 He slew seven ere he flee would.
 On horse he went through them yeed,





He slew then two, and they his fleeb.
 Ere his good spear was broken in two,
 Of them he slew well six and two :
 And six into the field he flew :
 The rest they fled and they withdrew :
 And with that he was wounded so.
 That scarce he might rine or go.
 An horse of theirs then by him stood,
 Like to his own, but not so good,
 Thence on that he is coming home,
 And it right seven dayes is gone.
 And though the deed be sought on him,
 It is well sped to all his kin.
 And for that worship he went there,
 It will be told for evermore.
 The Countesse mourns for sir Eger,
 Her maidens mournen and made great care:
 Sir Pallas his own brother,
 Made more sorrow then any other.
 Sir Grahame was nothing of his kin,
 But he was als right we for him,
 As any sister, or as brother,
 Cme, or yet art, or any other.
 But it was more then dayes three,
 Ere his own love came him to see,
 And when she came, she was but dyle,
 To him she made small courtesie :
 When she came to the chamber within,
 Little company made to him,
 Sir Eger might not one word speak,
 Sir Grahame before the bed could sit,
 And to sir Grahame said she than,
 Sir, how doth your soze wounded man,
 Or how hath he sped in his fare.
 Said, not so well as misther were :
 So is it hapned as you may see.
 Not one forgethinkes so much as ye.
 The Lady said, so have I feel,
 I might have thold he had done well,
 And better sped in his journey.
 Sir Eger asked where he lay.

Then

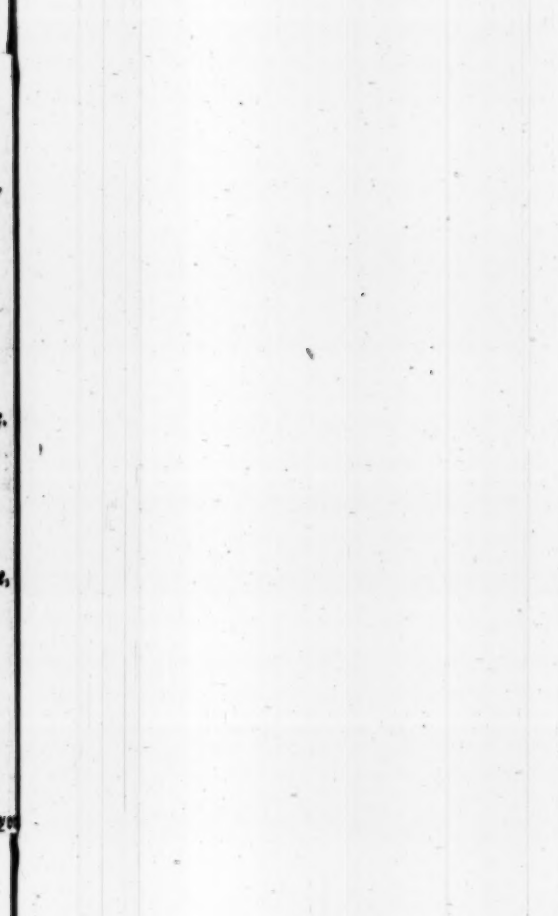
Then meekly said the Lady free
 To sir Eger, How how do ye?
 I rede you be of counsel clean,
 Ye will not cose, Sir, as I ween.
 I thinke your love be in no weer,
 Therefore I rede you make good chear.
 Sir Eger said, My chear well is,
 But even as I may with this,
 As before when better hath been,
 I will not mend suppose I mean.
 Then said the Lady, Certes nay,
 It mends not though ye do sway,
 Fortune will not then from you wend,
 Nor yet from me though I should send:
 But for follie to set at wit,
 And so I must then do with it.
 She no more tidings did refrain,
 But bounded to her chamber again.
 Then Sir Grahame stood before the doore,
 And held the Lady on the floore,
 A little while right by the hand:
 Then by his fellow could he stand,
 And said to him right courtesilie,
 Sir, This the Lady telleth me,
 What makes her biding to delay,
 And why she goes so soon away.
 She was forbidden by the leech,
 And also by her fathers speech,
 And the first night that ye came home,
 So great a sorow hath she tane,
 That she hath been as sick as ye,
 And thus his fellow comfort he
 Eleven weeks, as I heard say,
 Sir Eger there in leeching lay,
 And seldom came the fair Lady,
 But when she came, she was right dry.
 Her dilleness and also here strange fare.
 Sir Grahame then said to sir Eger,
 That he durst not other wise do,
 Nor yet in presence come him to:
 And on this wile, as with sir Grahame, so





So with the Lady on a time :
On his foot with her would he gang,
Then to his fellow would amang,
And then told him a fern-years tale,
And this while thus he wrought all hale,
And to her Ladies warrand well,
For he was red he should him spill,
And her will had been to him kend,
It should have letten him to mend :
But all was fained each a deal,
Yet many said, he governd well.
Then after that upon a day,
He thought the Lady to alway :
Then after mass to her he yerd,
Into a chamber where she stood :
And from her maidens bath he tane,
And to a counsel are they gane :
And first they spake of inbourding,
And then they spake of earnest thing :
He said, Lady, if ye would cover,
And of a thing that ye would lover,
Belonging both to you and me.
She said, say on, what ever it be.
Ponder is your Knight Sir eger,
And he hath been in travel sair,
And hath met with a ferlie thing,
For fault of weapons and arming,
Armour they may be fresh and new,
And yet he false and right untrew :
And that hath made him to beguile :
Give him the ware within a while,
And great skaith therethrow hath he tane,
But certes therein he hath no shame.
He is a man that is well kend,
Hath doughtie hands him to defend.
I cannot treat him for to hide,
Fra time that he may gang or ride :
But he will pass his voyage right,
To seek for battel on the Knight.
This hath he made me to you tell,
But ye may treat him here to dwell, And

And comfort him in all manner,
 But with your violence and with chear,
 Growen it stands in such degree,
 It longeth more to you then me.
 Have ye not chosen him to your peer,
 Your father it likes well but weere.
 The Lady mused and stood still,
 Then after made answer him till.
 Sir Grahame, ye wot this many day,
 For him better I put away:
 For I was of such notwithstanding,
 I would have none for no kin thing,
 Neither for riches nor renown,
 For lands breadth nor provision,
 But he that was with his hands two.
 Sir ege was called one of the,
 Called the best when he came home,
 Now ever he wrought such was his name.
 In companies such name he gat,
 Now ever he did, such was his day:
 I bade him let his journey be,
 Make not this travel all for me:
 I said, such field he may come in,
 Was as able to time or win.
 I strake the nail upon the head,
 All that he wou ye may soon lead:
 For trust ye me right well, Sir Grahame,
 I will the matter all looseyne:
 For the first night that he came home,
 I heard your words every eachone,
 Under your chamber window stood,
 And heard your carping ill and good:
 I will not bid him for to bide,
 Nor yet him counsel for to ride,
 Neither consent I will thereto.
 Of his wedding I have no do.
 Sir Grahams he said, I trow he will,
 But little seeking make you till:
 And he tels in his coming hame,
 That he hath sped a better name,
 That is fare better of degree.





Don love not him, will you love me?
This he did say into boarding,
But he was sorry for that thing:
Yet surely in his heart he thought,
To help his fellow he might:
And down he saze into that place,
And then his colour changed was:
For his fellow he was right moved,
Behind his back heard him reprovd:
The knight rose up, and went his way,
Sir eger to sir Grahams can say,
Then hath he said to Sir eger,
We think that it then better were,
To seek you knight, and have you pel,
That you destroyed in batell:
But I trow will and by your tale,
That had your weapons holden hale,
He had been either tane or slain.
But sen it is against you gone,
For him we must go make some coon,
For to cause fight him at the last.
As with his hand he had him led,
Though ye be sleeping in your bed,
And that is sooth, I shal you see,
We shal fight him where ever he be.
Ye rise up in your best fullcet,
And put you on your robes full meet,
And at your window stand and go,
Books of Romances shal ye read so,
The whole court will be full faine,
When they see you now up again,
The earl himself will be full blithe,
For he thinks ye shal have to wife,
Don young Lady his daughter gent:
But I cannot tell her intent,
Of women I can never trust,
I found them fickle and never fast:
Thus shal ye govern dayes nine,
Then shal ye rise when ye think time,
And put upon you all your gent:

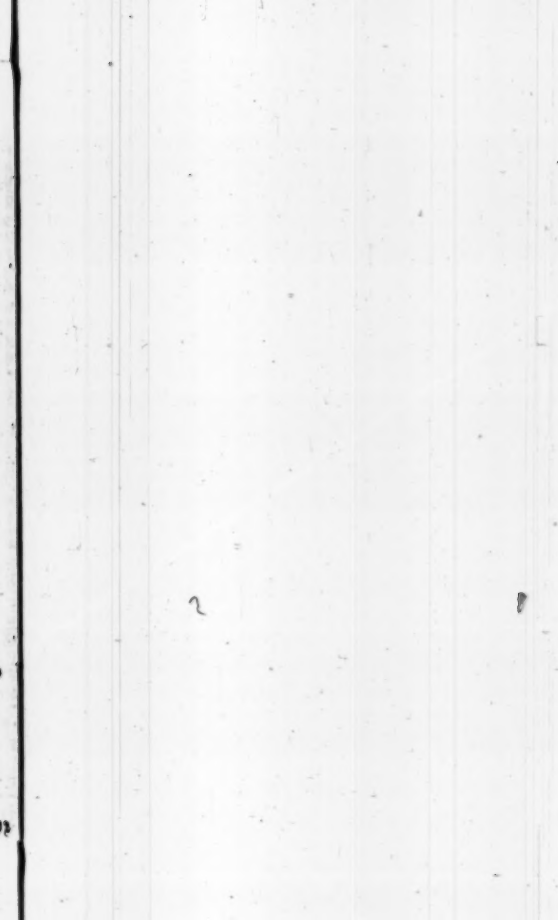
As ye would ride in land of wear,
 And take your leave at the knights all,
 And at each one both great and small,
 And at the Ladies white as lake,
 At your love no countenance make,
 Be of few words, and stillarie,
 Of countenance see ye be flee :
 I forcé not though that ye so do,
 And then turn you again me to :
 My steed brought forth and saddled well,
 I bide on more so have I feel.
 Your coat armont then shal I take,
 Your basnet and your gloves of plate,
 Your knife, your sword, I bid no mare,
 And graith you right as you did aie :
 Your brothers spear, your own was broken.
 Then this gear when I have gotten,
 In faith I shal no longer bide :
 For yet shal spur my steeds side,
 And though the Lady come and see,
 Either me turn, or else to flee.
 If I be in great jeopardie,
 Stand ye and look there after me :
 She shal say on to others than,
 Sir eger is no discomfit man :
 Yet shal she say, and others ma,
 A better journey will he ta :
 Sir eger turned and said nay,
 These seven moneths though I here iay,
 Shal no man take that deed on hand,
 While I may self may ride and stand.
 I think you much, but not for that,
 Ye ween I am put farre aback,
 And ye trust no comfort in me.
 I shal revenge me or else die.
 Sir Grahame said to him that time,
 It is not all as you do mean,
 And if ye lay seven moneths there,
 Or yet but one, or little mare,
 Some new tidings that ye will hear,

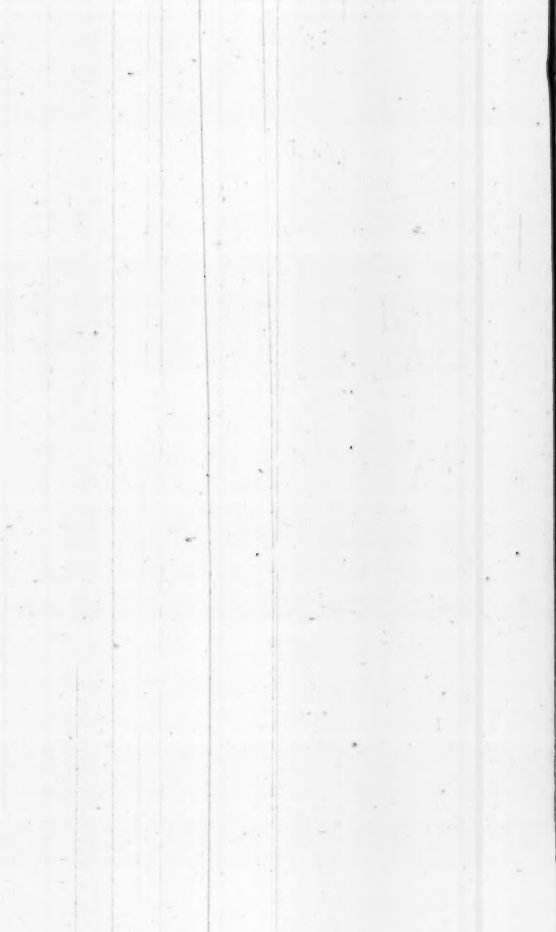




The Lady will get her a letter,
For sir Olyas I understand,
Will brook the Lady and the land:
For since ye lay here I have seen
A private message them between,
She hath heard all his whole intent,
And hath given him her consent:
For trust ye well, then said sir Grahame,
She knows the matter all sensyne.
Since the first night that ye came home,
She heard your words ever each-one,
And by your chamber window stood,
And heard your carping ill and good.
Sir Eger sayes, If it be so,
Then wot I well I must forgo:
Love-liking, and manhood all clean.
The water rushed out of his een:
His head he shook, his hands he wrang,
And each bang on another bang.
Sir Grahame then said to him, Let be,
Ye shal be helped hastily,
For here I vow to God of might,
That I shal ride, and seek the Knight.
Into what land that he in be,
I shal him slay, or else be me.
And if I chance to win the held,
And get his helm or yet his shield,
Or any mark of him to see,
The Lady will think it be ye:
She will say soon, and to you sel,
That she is woe and would you well.
They called to him sir Wallias,
And told him all the very case,
They shew to him both all and some,
They kend full well that he would come:
The man that loves, and also is leel.
Is worst blest to keep counsel.
Then after that upon a day,
Sir Grahame to sir Eger can say,
If I should meet with you Gray-Steel,

I had need to be holden well :
 And your emes sword sir Agam,
 These seven winters can it ly,
 The Lady locks it in a chest,
 She thinks it should not come in thurst,
 Nor yet be born into the field.
 While that her son be come to sell :
 Had we it now in borrowling,
 It might make us some comorting :
 We must now have it ere we gang,
 With othen weapons good and strang :
 Sir Grahame is to the Lady gone,
 And said, Sir Eger is at home,
 And hath a journey rane on hand,
 With a great knight of a strange land,
 And his own good sword hath he broken,
 And he hath not another gotten :
 And prays you for a noble brand,
 And take the Charters of his land.
 Now trust you well withouten weer,
 Sir Grahame, she said, it is right here,
 Though ye be charged, I you assure,
 It will not fall, but as endure,
 And wal stand you into good need,
 While that ye have Gray-Reels head,
 For the first time that it was wrought,
 To the king Forrest it was brought,
 And seven winters he it bare,
 His life-time was but little mare.
 Then he beaught it to the Queen,
 And to his son for to be given.
 And with them dwelled then sir Grahame,
 Was right instant at the making,
 While he had made that noble brand,
 For there may nothing it withstand.
 He may be sure to give a stroke,
 For it will never bow nor break,
 Tough as the war when it was wrought,
 Hard like the flint, and sailerh nought.
 It was never won by no strength,





Now yet put back by its own length:
What flesh it ever hapneth in,
Either in lyze or yet in skin:
Whether that were Shank or arm,
It shal him do wonder great harm:
There is no fault in anything,
But it was in misgoverning:
For a man of evil guiding,
Way tyme a kincrick and a king:
And I would not for both our Lands,
That it came in other mens hands.
Sir Grahame is from the Lady gane
To Aclaw, and his leave hath tane:
And ill dispos'd with fainted chear,
Sir Eger hath put on his gear:
Within seven dayes and seven nights,
In this same wise dealt both the knights,
Whill on the eight day of the prime,
Sir Eger saith, Now sir Grahame,
Mind up sir, and on your feet,
And see your gear be good and meet:
Look that ye arm you, and als clean,
As any tyme that ye have been,
And as warlike as ever ye would,
Ride this day a battel to hold:
Into the hall make your repair,
Of countenance see ye be fair:
Then turn again and hold you still,
And let me do that which God will:
As for my work I have no dread,
I trust in God right well to speed.
Sir Eger sigh'd and said, alas,
Right well payed sir Grahame be was,
And said, I pray you, sir, let be,
If ye will any help of me.
But with your tongue, ye may be wiser,
The nearest gate and where it lyes.
I shal you tell wonderful well,
That ye shal not go wrong a deal,
Ye know the way is for a while,

Etc

The balour more then thirty mile,
 Ye shal be four dayes, and then
 That ye shal see no kind of man,
 Nor nothing but the fowles flyand,
 Wildernesse and all wasted land:
 A River shal ye find at hand,
 That runneth straight as any strand,
 Though ye never so fast you speed,
 Yet two dayes it shal you lead:
 And then shal you see some runnand,
 And water on the other hand,
 For those two do both run in one,
 A riding place there is not one,
 Crosse the water the first good strand,
 And hold them both on your left hand,
 Then of your way you have no dread,
 The salt water it will you lead:
 And in the midst of that salt sand,
 A great Forrest on your right hand,
 But yet the wilbernesse will last
 One day, ride ye never so fast.
 Then come ye in the plainest land,
 And an allay on every hand,
 A fair castle then shal ye see,
 Halls and Towers of great plenty,
 Churches, Pipers, and a fair green,
 In that other a Lady shen,
 That in fairest may be a flower,
 And clearest of all other colour.
 She's courteous and kind of speech,
 Over all the rest she may be Leech.
 Great Gai, if I had with her hidden,
 But this I might have gone or ridden:
 My counsel she would have covered,
 The which my self hath discovered.
 Take ye a small token from me,
 There may ye right well cased be:
 Her own lark it is best to hear,
 And then somewhat else of your gear.
 Sir Grahame he said, That may be ill,





Any token to take her till;
 For I was loath, in God me save,
 For to be known till I came home.
 Sir Eger sayes, it is no shaft,
 That she have quantance with us bath,
 For she is full of all gentrice,
 Into her heart hath no fancies,
 Will ye behave you cunningly,
 Ye may make her trow it is I.
 She served me with candle-light,
 I came and yeed both in one night,
 And make her trow that both is one.
 Sir Grahame the sack bath with blin tane,
 And twenty pounds in it bath he:
 Berds of gold, and broches thre,
 And this is ober-little ware,
 If he were purbey'd into mare.
 But all without I may not be,
 Some part now ye must leave with me,
 Sir Grahame said, How hal I know
 The woman that I never saw?
 I tell to you it wondrous well,
 Cannot go wrong nor miss a deef,
 She is large of body and bone,
 A fatter saw I never none.
 With browes bent, and thereto small,
 A drawing voice she speaks withall,
 Betwixt her een and eke he nise,
 There is the greatnes of a piece,
 A spot of red, the labe is white,
 There is none other that is her like.
 And so her browes on a running,
 There is a gay ready tokning:
 And the Bower it stands east and west,
 Thereon a weather-cock is prest.
 It may be gold, it may be glasse,
 I might not see whereof it was.
 It might be glasse, it might be steel,
 But it was bright, it shined well.
 Sir Eger past into the hall,

And took his leave at the knights all,
 Byne to the Earl knelled on his knee.
 He said, Sir Earl, How where stays ye?
 He said, I have double ado,
 And little bearing gets thereto.
 The Countess said, I red you bide,
 For neither have you here nor bide,
 I see your countenance is good,
 But ye are pale, and ye want blood.
 For by your hair it may be seen,
 Into such state as ye have been,
 Ye will not be this many day.
 Therefore, Sir Knight, I will you pray,
 For any haste ye have to care,
 Bide still a while, let blood grow mare.
 Wine here, he said, let that alone,
 But with your self, in faith Madame
 I will not dine, so God me save.
 Farewell while that I come again.
 Louted, and could the Countess bid.
 The Earl then took her hand in his:
 And at the Lady white as lake,
 Right reverently could his leave take:
 And his own love she was therein,
 Spake not to her, nor she to him:
 For Sir Grahams had to him told,
 How he should to the Lady hold:
 Yet he would not for great reproche,
 From all the rest he took his leave,
 But that he had something to say,
 Ere that the time he went away:
 But neither would he beck nor kneel,
 Nor bow, nor yet his head down heel:
 But said, Lady, what will ye more?
 God keep you better then he did ake,
 You gave a finger to let you land,
 Now I am red ye leave in hand.
 Displeas'd was many Lady bright,
 She gave such answer to the Knight.
 And so himself he thought great shame,
 But answer to her made he none.



Forth at the doore he past her fro,
And to his chamber coult he go,
Ballias was true as the steel,
And kept bidding wonder well:
And at the doore received him in,
But none in after him might win.
Few words then was there them among,
There hands shook, said, Worry not long.
Sir Grahame was ready to the race,
A squyre upon the calsay bade,
And in his hand had holding
A bold steed, and well lasting,
Eyed right well with his girthe stow,
Ballias himself gave him ma,
About his breast he laid a band,
To make the labis fast an hand,
Great buckle of iron to make it fast:
It had great mistre to be fast.
For he was red that young Sir Grahams,
In his travel he should them stir.
His spurs he keened not so well,
But his steeds shies he made them feel:
The steed rebounded from the spurres,
And rushed wuhely through the furcs:
The Lady stood and had good sight,
To see the passing of the knight:
She might see painting perfectly,
Whether he past in chivalrie,
Or there was any fainying,
Or in this heart discomforting.
She perceived then as it was,
With stout heart and great manliness:
His spear, his shield, his helon of steel,
His steed he governed right well,
And was as fresh as any lyon,
He and his boyle rode of the town:
The Lady marvel'd greatly,
That he past into such degree:
What ever he thought, naught she said,
But on the knight small care he made.
And to the chamber coult he pass, where

Where both the knights there biding was,
 The doore where closed and put to,
 The Lady chapped and made undo:
 He received in that young Lady,
 And hailed her right courteously:
 Then Gallias a Cob can sang,
 And in a chair he it down flang,
 And made the Lady persevering,
 Of all easement and bolon sitting,
 And she said, Nay, and walked by,
 To the bed where he went to ly:
 She thought to have him lying there,
 But in the bed was not sir Eger,
 The window closed to hide the light,
 That she of him might get no sight:
 The courtaines they were all drawn in,
 That on no wise they might be seen.
 She drew the courtaines and stood within,
 And all amazed spake to him:
 Then meened to him his distress,
 Heart of the head whether it was,
 And his sickness less or more,
 And then talked of sir Eger,
 And said to him, where have I been?
 Where the knights passage I have seen,
 And I do think by my knowledge,
 He was as like in his visage,
 For to do well; and thereto speed,
 As any journey that ever he yeed,
 But he hath made a fair showing
 And in his heart great comforting,
 So lovingly to him she spake,
 But soon after she fell aback.
 And said, it was no mastery,
 Where there comes against a party?
 But when there is a knight for knight,
 They must do more to try a right:
 Knight for knight, and steed for steed,
 Then to do well were all the need,
 There is no better company,
 For one to meet a sisterly,



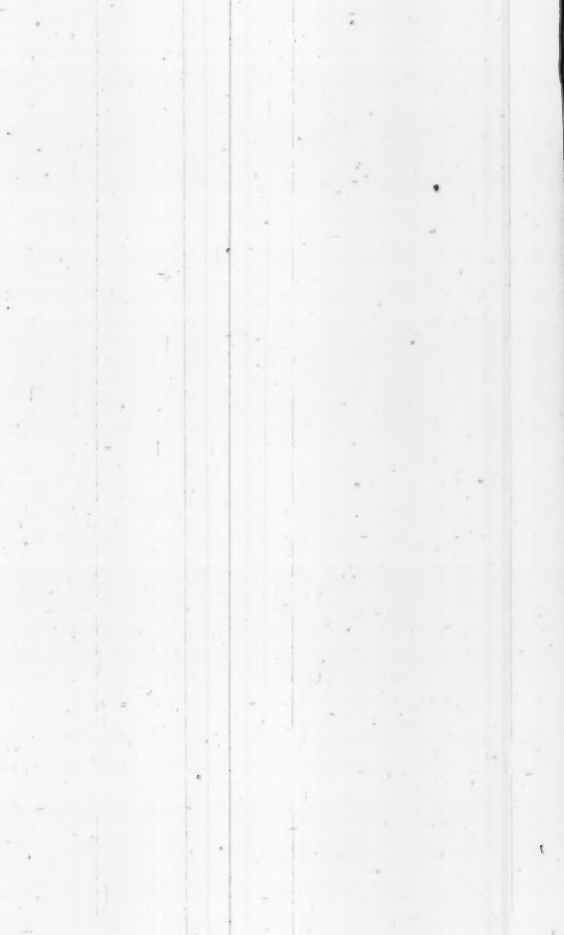


This tale I tell by Sir Eger,
That he made in his travel aye,
Whereto should he seek adventures,
In armies he hath tint his armour,
Not so; but he was overcome,
In bushment lying waiting him:
And all they brake at Sir Eger,
But them then he did not fear:
But right stoutly he did them byde,
And all that happened in that tide:
Ere any of them to him wan,
There he slew an hie kinned man,
When he is felled on the ground,
And through the shield hath got a wound,
A north-land knight full doughty,
Rescued him with company,
There was but he and other ten,
And they were twenty hie kinned men,
And then were twenty more and slain,
Then Sir Eger rescued again:
They brought Sir Eger to the King,
With meekle mirth and magnifying,
They professed him for his voyage,
The Kings filled in marriage:
And he sighed, and would not have,
And followed alwayes on the lave:
I say not, Lady, your tale to preach,
But if I could, I would you teach:
There should no man then is unlove,
Say that is was his own reprove.
Baltan said to that Lady,
But fair words, and right tenderly:
When he had said all that he would,
The knight said with Steven full bold,
Sick that I am, and wonder sore,
And for my fellows moved more,
That now is past in such degree,
And I wite none. Lady, but ye.
While I hear word of him again,
Whether he slays, or been slain,
Have more of my collation hold.

The Lady went where that she would,
But they bode in their chamber still,
At leisure and at their own will.

Now we will let them all alone,
Carpe of Sir Grahame that forth is gone,
He counterd in the well-land,
Beyond the Fell, the water land;
And followed as he was hidden,
And to the forest he is ridden,
And passed it in dayes three,
What they said, after it should be:
And then he saw a tokening,
A reek did rise, and a glooming,
He saw before him on the way,
A yeoman ride on an hackney,
Enteing in at the forest side,
He call'd on him, and bade him bide:
The yeoman bader'd and stood still,
And said, Sir, what is your will?
He said, Fellow, thou tell to me,
Who is the Lord of this countree?
Whether that he is old or young,
Or who hath it in governing?
The yeoman said, I under stand,
He is an Earl that ought his Land,
They do call him, Earl of Arden,
And hath none heir but I his son.
Is he a widower? then said he,
He is a maiden certainlie.
Sir Arden that gentle knight,
She and he cryd both their troth plight,
The Earl that he is Sir Arden,
Was slain by Gray Seal on a time;
And for he was Arden his head,
Sir Arden had him at feid:
And so he thought him to have won,
But sped as ill as others have done.
The yeoman said, I understand,
That ye are unknown in this Land.
The Earl is late calling and for,
And there ye may well called be.

There



There may ye have right good gallinies,
 If that ye will make mourning.

The knight he said all these words yve :

How farre is't to the castle here,

But miles three, it is no mo,

With you I shal ride of them two :

The peoman rode forth with the knight,

While of the castle he got sight,

Syne took his leave, and from him rode,

The knight to him great thanks he made.

He wald an hune into the town,

Before the gate he lighted down.

And there they came to him on hie,

Great gentle-men and squyere :

And from him they took his good steed,

And to his stable could him lead,

To hecks full of corn and hay,

And other hols where led away :

The master-household was therein,

And he beraught them unto him,

Both his good hols and his armour,

And all that fell to his honour.

And he from him took them on hand,

And said, that he should them warrand,

And proffer'd him a squarie,

To go with him in company :

But he said, Nay, he needen none,

But raked forth, his way is gone :

And when he came the town without,

He looked then him round about,

Richards, barbers, and all eyes green :

The wether-cock stood faire and sheen,

The samine bower as he me told,

He was of all his tokens hold,

He had gone right and nothing wrong,

Joyful in heart was he among :

He thought if he might get a sight,

Of the Lady both faire and bright.

He would think the better to speed,

In any journey where he yeed.

As such a wife, such had he had.

He saw the Lady, and was glad :
 Coming was with a Damosell,
 He perceived wonder well,
 It was the same Lady he sought,
 By all the tokens, and failed nought :
 He raised to the fair Lady,
 And hailed her right courteously,
 And in his visage could he mean,
 As he before had done her seen.
 But she did know him in nothing,
 Neither did he her but faining,
 And he seemed a courteous knight,
 Of any that came in her sight,
 Reverently she made him wate,
 But quantance none other they wate :
 Then hastilie he could out draw,
 His sark of silk, and could it shaw :
 And costlie jewels als but miss :
 Sir, then she said, so have you blis,
 How fares the knight that did send this ?
 He sayes, Lady, I do not lase,
 We that it bare, brought it again.
 Then blithly on him could she look,
 Courteously to him could she murk,
 And swore by Iesus Heavens King,
 I am right glad of your coming,
 And certainly by Gods grace,
 Have ye gotten ought at this place ?
 Of any thing that could you bet ?
 I would think that it were right fit.
 Then sayes he, here was a bet,
 Which I think never to forget,
 Therefore to you I make tiding,
 Of my life, and no other thing.
 Then courteously she spake to him,
 And to his gadding bade him come.
 He said, Lady, my Inne is lase,
 And squyers with me are no then ase.
 I bade the Deller-certainlie,
 To purvey both for them and me.

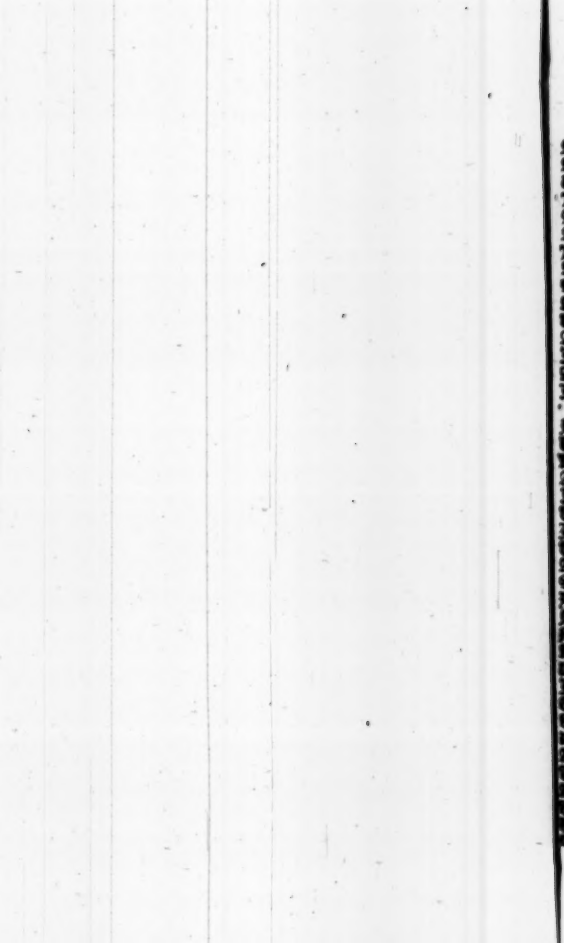


He would been gladd, if that he might,
Habe been out of the Ladies sight.
For he was dredding for kening,
He would have been out of feeling;
He could not get away so soon,
As misser was for to have done:
His fellowes- wifage it was fair,
But he was hurt under the hair;
A courcher ower it was drawn,
To let it for to be unknown.
An oymment ower the skin he drew,
To make the hide another new,
He did work wisely in that case,
But in some things he was reckless.
Talking as he then by him stood,
For to see if his hands were good,
He took the glove as he could stand,
And turned down ower his hand;
Synne when he saw his hands bare,
And all his fingers standing there,
He perceived that it was not he,
And kindly carping he let be,
And dyllie to him could he speak,
Advers to the knight that here lay sick &
He said, Lady as ye may see,
Pet did she say, that might well be,
What ferlie was he though long home,
For here such leeching there was none,
There is no leech in all the land,
Can put a finger to an hand,
The finger that he left in wed,
That is another in its stead.
Both as fair, as whole, and as clean;
As ever it was, or yet hath been:
He would not, sir, in a strange land,
Doch or yet be ower boundand:
And if ye will with bounding hail,
Right cleanly then ye should them wail,
Your bounding could I well consider,
But scorn and bedding goes together.

Yet neuer allowed will ye be,
 Nor yet in no good companie :
 Sir, if that ye was hither sent,
 And to scorn me in your intent,
 Ye shal not be but scorned of me,
 And ere ye pass off this countrie :
 First, he was both right mild and meek,
 Kind and courteous for to speak,
 Then wox he angry and so hate,
 And all into another state :
 The Jewels that the knight had brought,
 The Lady set them all at nought,
 Down at his feet she let them fall,
 And wrathfullie turned her withall,
 And to her chamber bowed her to gang :
 The knight his hands in hers could tang,
 She shoo his hands, and bade, let go,
 But he to hold, she would not so.
 I pray you, Lady, of your grace,
 Pour meekness and your soberness,
 Let not your will over-gang your wit,
 While ye be advised with it.
 Whether there be cause or none,
 And that there because, I am to blame :
 Hear me a point that I shal shaw,
 There God into borrowes I draw.
 But I shal tell you all the ground,
 The which all sooth it shal be found,
 What through prayer, & also through threat,
 He hood and heard what the knight spake
 And then sir Grahame his tale began,
 And shew her sooth the matter than,
 The knight that was here is my brother,
 And I am older then the other.
 A journey I must take for him,
 Whether that I must tin or win.
 He hath a lussy love at home,
 Love nor husband he would have none,
 But he that ever in armes wan,
 And the first time that he began,
 That tint now, and that she mare.

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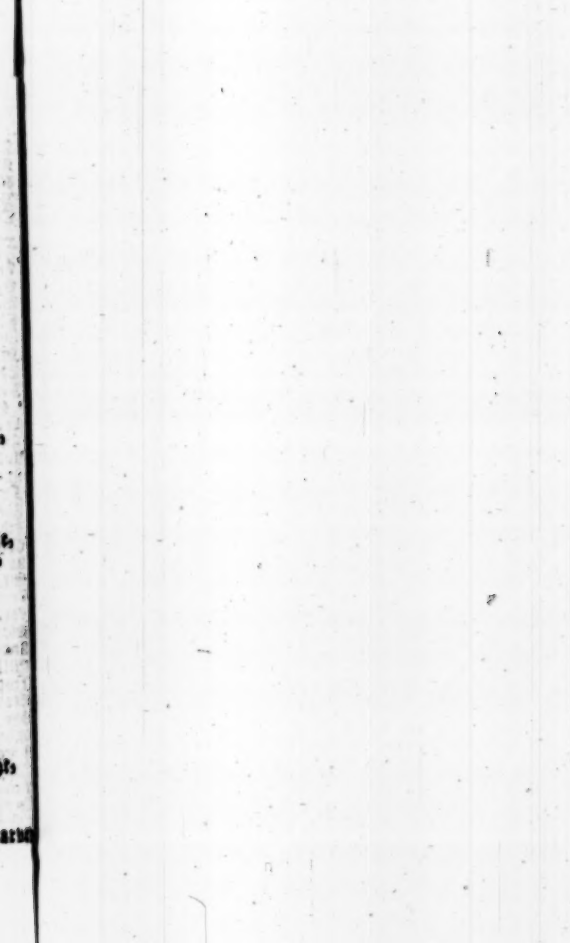
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And drawes aback, and makes debate;
And he loves her in such degree,
Without her love he may not be,
But he will wed her to his wife,
Or fine his honour and his life,
And I would gladly if I might,
Be acquainted with the same knight,
And see if he would be my brother,
Send him one wed for another,
And will he not, by heavens King,
There shal men carpe of our parting.
And so must I now honour win,
In any land that I come in:
Or ever in arms win the gree,
I have told you the verities.

¶ The Lady stood and her verthought,
For to reprove him would she nought.
This is a seemly knight to see,
And carps most courteously to me,
And I his tale for to impede,
I wot not, but it may be leede,
Then it were a great reproof to me,
I shall allow it how ever it be.
This was her thought into the time,
As he told after to Sir Grahame.
Sir, then she said, I can well trow,
Your tale is good, and I allow:
For so such points ye would not shaw,
Nor charge on your man-hood to draw,
And ye shal bide all night with me,
Will ye have two or will ye three:
I would you had your pith right well,
Ere that ye met with Sir Gray-Steel.
She caused a boy full soon him spee,
Where that the knight had left his Reed,
A piece of gold with him she send.
The knight his cost for to amend.
A royall supper there was dight,
To the Lady and to the knight,
The meat and drink was not to spare,
All such easements then he had there. then

Then after Supper could he say,
 To comfort him on his journey
 If that he will go to Gray-hall,
 I trow to God ye shall do well,
 And if that ye do with the best,
 It is but fortune, and not ye.
 And fra fortune against him win,
 There is no more defence in him,
 And there is none other the while,
 I trow to God ye be that ilk.
 If ye have hap the knight to slay,
 I trow to God ye shall be free;
 There is nothing in all this land,
 That shal be gotten from your hand,
 And namely that belongs to me,
 So that mine honour woun be.
 He slew my brother my father's heir,
 His mine own land, and that was matt,
 And sent me I was under eye
 Into good killing hall a day.
 And when the light of her Leman,
 The water shal her cheeke soon can.
 Sir Graham beheld the Lady first,
 His heart wrought he, and held on his,
 And trowd if he might slay the knight,
 Then might he with the Lady fight.
 So spake the Lady and Sir Graham,
 Whils that it was right good had time.
 And thus they talked and they took,
 Synne they and the mine then took:
 And so when they then him brought,
 For to get them if that he might.
 But he thought never night to last,
 Whils they came that the ladies sang
 He was riding and loom on flesh,
 The Lady heath where he was near,
 She caus'd him maidens hear him light,
 And courteously he serve the knight,
 With broken meat, and pleasant bate,
 To arrange the knight in his estate.





Carbed his meat, and to him share,
 While he was full, and would no more :
 When he was ready for to pass,
 The Lady said that by him was :
 Sir Grahame a knight of adventure,
 In pleas think on your paramour :
 I will not bid you think on me,
 Think on your love where ever he be,
 And on your friends that are at home,
 And on your gawking ye have tane :
 And here your supper shal be right,
 I think ye shal be here all night.
 Think not Gray-Steel albeit he would,
 Shal hinder you your tryst to hold.
 He said, Lady, so God me reed,
 And if ye would, he shal not spred,
 I have more dread he will not come,
 Then I have of his mothers son.
 Then certes said the Lady fair,
 Trust ye right well he will be there,
 Trust in the field he wil be seen,
 By ye have riden over the green.
 She caus'd a boy out with him gang,
 A wine bottle with him could sang,
 Unto the town then they both yead,
 Where that the knight had left his steed,
 They found him in a good apply,
 Both hay and corn, and bread him by.
 The ostler he could thanking make,
 And bade him more then he would take :
 The ostler saw him down to fare,
 Badled his horse and made him yare :
 A spear that was both great and lang,
 A squyer he brought it him to sang,
 Women weeped sore for the knight,
 When he passed out of their sight,
 They trow'd that he would be in that need
 Where many man had left their head,
 Ere it was mid-morn of the day,
 He came where that the place did ly.

which was called the land of doubt,
 A forest lying round about,
 In Roman Copies who will read,
 Two miles of length and two of bread:
 He saw nothing in it that stood,
 But great fellows down Deer and reed,
 He saw beside him on an hight,
 A faire castle with towers wight,
 A deep river both long and wide,
 Was never dur that over it ride:
 That had not Sir Gray-Steel his love,
 That came again without reprieve.
 Sir Gahame he looked not so that,
 But sought a ford and that he gat,
 When he was on the other side,
 Then fair and hille could he ride:
 He rode the two part of the land,
 And nothing found he there aserand.
 He lighted on his foot and hood,
 To ease his horse and do him good.
 His spear he stiched, it was so lang,
 His shield upon his saddle hang.
 Wyne drank of wine and made good chear,
 Then thought he on the Lady clear:
 And then he would no longer bide,
 But near the castle can he ride.
 For he was so red that the knight,
 Should not have come before the night
 But yet he needed not do so,
 For Gray-Steel he had watches two,
 The one of them could to him ride,
 And said upon yon field both bide,
 A ventrous knight upon a need,
 And he is biding you indeed.
 And hath over-riden all the plain,
 He hath now turned him again.
 Gray-Steel then said, let him alone,
 This half a year hath not gone one,
 But either he shal fight or flee,
 Or else a token leave with me.
 The woman that the knight



Said mildly, that would be nought :
 Thereon now dare I lay my life,
 Ere that he lies there that he shall rise.
 They brought Gray-Steel then forth a Reed,
 Dressed him lyne, and thither yech.
 Sir Grahame was standing all alone,
 Counsel to take he had not one,
 He heard beside him at his hand,
 As it were great horsemen ridand,
 He wot there had been mo then one,
 Looked and saw but him alone :
 A ventrous knight full hardillie,
 Came dressed soon and readillie,
 His gear was red as any blood,
 His horse of that same henn he stood :
 And fra sir Grahame of him got sight,
 He throwed well it was the knight
 Defoul'd his brother sir Cerr.
 Then wot he by him as any bare,
 His spear before him could he lang,
 Suppose it was both great and lang,
 And called right fast at sir Gray-Steel,
 Behind of it lest never a deil :
 And Gray-Steel called at sir Grahame,
 As woud Lyons they wroucht that time,
 The horse together have they set,
 They missed not, but ever met,
 Sir Grahame hath stricken his enemy,
 Throgh couech and shield right twainy ply,
 Throgh harbergeon and aroun under,
 And clade the shield all in a funder,
 And he got never such a stroke,
 Nor yet there might he see the make.
 But he that did the dint lay on,
 He left no vengeance to the son.
 Forth through the shield he did him bare,
 Throgh ventrile, and throgh foreskyn.
 And so again through the acorn :
 Throgh vents and throgh harbergeon :
 The tees of the saddle down yech,
 So else he had downe turn his Reed, And

And also in two he clave his shield,
 And bore him quite out of the field,
 Wide open he lay on his back,
 And soon upon his feet he gat,
 And drew his sword and thought to stand,
 And then Gray-Steel came at his hand:
 They might perceive then well Gray-Steel,
 So by Sir Grahame right wonder well,
 By his body and by his reb,
 And by his countenance he made,
 And by his course that he did run,
 That lightly he might not be won:
 On horse he would no more satyrie,
 On foot he thought not so to fail it;
 He drew his sword, and so him ran,
 Sir Grahame bore him off like a man.
 And in old stories he heard say,
 That both in earnest and in play,
 It were better who might it hint,
 Get the first stroke nor the last dint:
 Into his youth he learned had,
 Most craftily to wield his blade:
 Of a sword stroke he was right wise,
 Of counter calls both low and high:
 Sir Grahame thought not for all the haste,
 The first stroke in vain to waste:
 An a sword stroke with all his ply,
 He stroke him while he groaned with,
 Such a great dint he hath him tane,
 It press the birnie through the bane:
 The sword out through the mantle bare,
 Gray-Steel was wounded verie sore,
 And such two strokes in all his time,
 Got he never, as gave Sir Grahame.
 To satyrie he had little thought,
 He sought revenge if that he thought
 And he hath quite him with another
 That might have been that strokes brother.
 He then upon his shoulder bane,
 Such a sore dint he hath him tane.
 The stroke was of so great renown,

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He failed force and settled down,
On that side he had lost his brand,
Had he not kept the other hand.
Wight Gray-Steel have had in that time,
And set another on sir Grahame,
I trow he had not all that night,
Come again in the Ladies sight.
They strake this wise an hour and more,
But not so fast as they did aye:
And hour and more this wise they dang,
But never a word was them among:
But their stiff swords both bein and stout,
While harness dang the edges out,
Dobles they made both black and blis,
Like wood yrons so fought they twa.
What for fighting and blood he bled,
Gray-Steel was never so hard vested.
And that perceived well sir Grahame,
He basted him in full good time,
And said, now yield thee now Gray-Steel,
Or thou shalt never do so well.
Then lightly said he, thou shalt lie,
For that man shal I never see.
Gray-Steel was grieved at that word,
With both his hands he bint his sword,
And all the strength that he had leed,
He set upon sir Grahame his head.
He came never in such a thill,
At both his eares the blood out hilt:
He staggered on his feet and stood,
Grieved he was and full of mood:
Sir Grahame then with a noble brand,
He strake on him with both his hand.
Under the gorget got a girth,
And followed fast thereon with pith,
Niste thow the throat soon did slide,
And made a wound both deep and wide,
So wightin world was never none.
But where two meets them alone,
And departs without company,
But one must win the victorie.

Gray-Steel unto his death thus thraves,
 He walters and the grass updraves;
 His armes about him could he cast,
 He pulled herbes and rootes fast:
 A little while then lay he still,
 Friends that him saw liked full ill.
 And blood into his armour bright,
 For so he had full many sight,
 In world ther is no bale nor blis,
 Of whatsoever that it is,
 But at the last it will overgang,
 Suppose that many think it lang.
 This tale I tell by sir Gray-Steel,
 That fortune long had led him well.
 Now hath he scambled with a knight,
 That for his fellow came to fight:
 Now hath sir Gahame done this good deed
 He looked where he left his need:
 The steeds together have they run,
 Fighting as they had first begun.
 Sir Gahame rooked to them full right,
 He took them by the hioles bright,
 Stabbed them soon, and made them stand,
 The wine bottle he took in hand:
 He set it to his head and drank,
 And said, the Lady serveth thank,
 For there was neither ale nor wine,
 That came to me in so good time.
 And then he came right soon again,
 Where that the knight was lying slain:
 And then his right hand off he took,
 Syne in a glove of plate it took:
 The helmes he might not turne them both,
 But so choole he thought unthoth.
 And so they might have gained him well,
 The one was gold, the other steel,
 The better helm then he it took,
 The hand with in the glove he took,
 The shield he knut together fast,
 And over the saddle could them cast:
 Syn lay upon his fair red steed,

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his own into his hand could send,
 And thereon he rode fair and helie,
 And from the castle came a ship:
 When did he see doch gang and rin,
 To horse and weapons that might win,
 Ladies weped right wonder sair,
 Rode all their courches and their heir.
 Altho oft tined had been blith and glad,
 Bloody streds when he them made,
 For it was Gray-Steel his arming,
 His death should be no challenging.
 As then to them they spake right nought,
 Few words they said, but many thought,
 It was well for within the night,
 And yet for all the haste he might,
 Ere that he came into the sted.
 Wamp one said, the knight was dead,
 A boy came ganging to the doo,
 Syne turned in upon the flook,
 And said, This is the samine knight,
 That rode away when day was light,
 And the sted he rode on to red,
 I trow that Sir Gray-Steel be dead,
 For such tokens came never again,
 But he was either tane or slain:
 And soon they came to him again,
 Great gentle-men and squere,
 Then to the Duffier into the host,
 Drest well the streds, spare not for cost,
 Bed ye them well, and lay them soft,
 Give to them meat that they want nought,
 And what costs that ye do to this,
 I shal it double, and mends me.
 They set a chair then to the knight,
 And off they took his helm so bright,
 The helm of Gold it was so gay,
 For it had been in hard assay:
 And stalward straken on it was stricken,
 With great knowledge it was written,
 For doughtie hands made it to fail,
 And it was written in it his name.

An hundred strokes withowten mo,
 Was stricken in hardnes also.
 And they were of so great degree,
 That it was wonder for to see:
 How any man might strike so fast,
 And weapons dure of ever last,
 Or lives could save, that was them under,
 Of the good knight they had great wonder,
 But other things he had in thought.
 What ever he thought, he spake right nocht.
 His journey was not brought to end,
 And he was loath for to be kend.
 He had rather his fellow at home
 Had the worship, and als the name.
 When to the burges he can say,
 Good sit one thing I would you pray,
 That ye would speed one thing by you,
 The burges said, will ye me crow,
 What ever it be, you show me till,
 It shal be done at your own will.
 He said, I harbored this last night
 With a good Lord, the gentlest knight:
 This day at morn I from him yeed,
 I heght if fortune with me stood,
 That I should be this night again,
 And I would keep my cryst right fain,
 Als I wot not but you knights keen,
 May stabled be where mine horse been,
 And they will have some watch of spy,
 Where that I bide, or where I ly:
 If I do ly into plain land,
 And there a castle at mine hand,
 Where that I may receivd be,
 And ought but good should happen me,
 It were too great reprove and shame,
 To be discovered by my name:
 And I would fain be at the knight,
 Or his daughter the Lady bright,
 Of leeching craft she is right les,
 I have great need of one to me.

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Into great perill am I brought,
But I am loze and all forlought.
I pray you, ye will with me gang,
You helm and shield ye with you bring;
The helm and shield be took him till,
And went the way before him still.
When they came to the bower and doo,
There was no light upon the floo,
A folding doore was covered,
And with white clothe laid upon it.
Their supper bight, and so them brought,
The Lady sate and ate right nought,
And neither would she eat or drink,
But ever on the knight did think.
Noy to her maidens would she speak,
But sate so sad, as maiden meek.
A long while she sate in studie,
And then she said right soddenly,
Ye that supper for is bight,
Ye lyes full cold, I trow his night.
The sreen to chamber I him led,
This night Gray-keel hath made his bed.
It is great losse that he was sent
Upon Gray-keel for to be spent.
For he was large of lye and bone,
And nourishing he wanted none.
And I know well by his own tale,
That he hath wrought without counsel,
His friends they may be right unkin,
When that the word is to them gone,
That such a tinsel they should tyme.
For so would I, if he were mine.
As of my brother or my kin
Or any quaintance had of him.
We loze soethinks that this good knight,
Persued ever in my sight.
This did she say, and sighed sore,
And then sate still and spake no more.
The knight heard all where that he stood,
And thought the Lady meant good.

When to the burgeois can he rown,
 And bade him speak in faire fashion.
 The burgeois call'd, and to them spake,
 The maiden answerd, Who is that?
 Because he was no man of state,
 She sayes, What do ye here so late?
 The burgeois said, I would be in.
 The maiden said, Ye may not win.
 We close the doo: before the night,
 And opens not while day be light.
 The keyes unto the boord are boyn,
 dare see them not while on the moyn.
 If ye would ought, go gang about,
 Or stand and show your charge without.
 To gang about there is no gate,
 But first in at the Castle pate:
 Syne thogh a wicket there withall,
 Ere any came to the maids hall.
 The burgeois knew the gate full well
 And said, Faith now ye Damsel,
 Ere I should go so far about,
 I will you tell my charge without.
 If ye will not let me in,
 Here is a token then from him,
 which was given the same night,
 The wine bottel he gave the knight.
 I will that he should understand,
 I have it here into mine hand:
 A thing that he then to him spake,
 But he and she, none should have that.
 She said, Ye knight of aventure,
 In pteas think on your paramour.
 The Lady said, So have I feel,
 I know the token wonder well,
 And if he be at Anne with thee,
 And likes better then come to me,
 Let him alone with Chypps blessing,
 For he shal have no send of mine.
 The knight was red he should her grieve,
 And then he foz-thought without leave,
 What he should on such matter mean, that

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That they had spoken them betwene,
He thought and the fairlie he said,
And of her gaisning thanking made.
He said, Lady, it was so late,
And I was not kend with the gate,
And soz doubt I should gang aside,
That made me soz to have a guide;
Fra time she heard that he was there,
Better content she was not airt:
There was no keyes there him to let,
The dooz unclosed wide up set:
And he came in then right blithlie,
She him received right thankfullie:
With right blyth chear, & mounth laughand,
She took him in by the right hand,
And asked at him how he had farn?
Well, he did say, and sped my yarn:
To the token I have been there,
The helm and shield that he did bear,
And his red steed of great renown,
His gilt saddle is in the town.
Another thing to mend your cheer,
His right hand glove is sent you here:
Lady, perceiue now as ye stand,
That in the glove there is an hand:
Then took she it right courteously,
Syne gave it to the maiden by.
The maiden hath perceiued soon,
The glove was heauie and not roomy
And soz to look, she thought reason,
Opened the glove, the hand fell down,
It dropped at the Ladyes foot.
The Lady could upon it look,
She was joyful soz the knights dead,
The hand was grisly soz to sead,
She knew that hand came from the glove,
had slain her brother and her love.
Such old malice made het so mean,
She waxed cold, and syn to teen.
Her hew it changed pale and wan:
The knight he well perceiued than. that

That the Lady was in distress,
 And he thought ferly what it was.
 He said, Lady, why do ye so ?
 I thought this had been one of tho.
 For ye desired for to see,
 And ye beghe some reward to me,
 And I have brought them in your sight,
 Through grace of God, and of his might,
 And ever I had mind of you,
 The land of doubt when I rode thow.
 All that I beghe, have ye not dread.
 But he, she said, ye shal come speed :
 It shal be holden and well mare,
 Ere that ye off this countrey fare.
 Ye might have listen such go by,
 What needs you to be so hasty ?
 Then to the burghes can she speak,
 She bade him wash, and go to meat.
 The burghes said, I will go home,
 My menyis are biding eachone :
 They brought the burghes bread and wine,
 When he had drunk, took his leave syne :
 They clos'd the doo: soon at his back,
 And off the knight his gear can take ;
 The Lady was leech, and had skill,
 And spared not, but said him till,
 Both for the Rang and for the Round,
 And also for his bloody wound.
 She handled him as tenderlie,
 As she had been his own Ladie :
 With handling of the Lady bright,
 Swat soze so then the noble knight,
 That he behov'd to try his will,
 Ye have my trowth now there intil,
 And in the bower while I do bide,
 For any thing that may betide,
 I shal be at your bidding will,
 And govern me at your counsel :
 While ye be come to your skete,
 Where to will ye make now debate.

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For I beght you this hinder night,
 If ye had hap to slay the knight:
 And soyce of fortune with you stood,
 Then neither gold, nor yet should good,
 Nor nobleness, nor yet treasures,
 Or ought was mine, but it was yours.
 But a fair tale it may be shewn,
 Another in the heart be known.
 Falset is ay a fained friend,
 And it cometh ay at the last end:
 But I trust well to heavens King,
 I loved you above all thing.
 Doubtles I may not be put back,
 And in lawtie there is no lack,
 And since I know your daughter deed,
 How ye have put your self in dread,
 Through hardiness of heart and hand,
 Ye hurt him so he might not stand.
 The worst that ever rade or yeed,
 Through your counsel may think to speed,
 Your lawtie is above all other,
 That ye had rather give your brother
 All the worship and also the name,
 That lyes into his bed at home,
 The Lady said, by heavens King,
 He marvels of your governing,
 That ye should pass off this countrie,
 And make your quaintance but with me:
 If ye do so into this land,
 My friends they would do on each hand,
 And ferlie wonder greatly,
 For what ferlie it were, and why,
 That ye should have my love so well,
 Because your brother slew Gray-Steel:
 Ye do my counsel ere you go,
 You shal acquaint you with some mo:
 My father is a man of might,
 Gentle and free to every knight:
 When that he was in his youth age,
 He was a man of stout courage,

Furthye and forward in the field,
 But he is now burden with eild,
 That he may not in his own fear,
 Busk not yet ride in land of weer:
 But he is wise, gentle and free,
 A kinder shal ye never see:
 Fast and sicker of his tongue,
 Both to the old and she the young.
 Fra he hath known your daughtye deed,
 How ye have put your self in dread,
 How worthily that ye have won,
 And ye but young and new begun,
 We will reward you ere ye pass,
 Of reason what ye will him as,
 Whether ye would have gold or land:
 The knight he said, Nothing but your hand.
 Yea, then she sayes, it may well be.
 If it be so, so it likes me;
 For he that hath my marriage,
 Shal have my fathers heritage:
 An hundred pound he may well spend,
 Of pennie meale each year to end,
 Withhouten wards or relesies.
 Great Lords hold him all their chieles.
 Carles and Bishops, and als Barouns,
 And many royal borrow towne:
 Ye and I shal have such gentrice,
 And work all whole at my device.
 Ye put upon you all your gear,
 As ye should ride in fair of weer,
 And in a chaire ye set you down,
 And my matdens in their fashion,
 Shal stand and make you comforting,
 And serve you both with spich and wine,
 And be you blyth and make good chear,
 I will go bring my father here,
 And my dear mother the Countesse,
 And show to them of all the case,
 To me and my mother us two,
 I shal not lye you to no mo.

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had slupped and his knights all,
They went in royalty to sing.
The Earl bethought him on a thing,
How this young Lord, Sir Garrentine,
In armes that was both fresh and fine,
Was brought to dead upon a bear,
Soon after that within a half year :
Sir Almon that gentle knight,
Who should have had the Lady bright,
And fra the time he caus'd her die,
That was both might, and also manlie,
For great man-hood and also meritor,
He might have been an Emperour,
He had an house in governing,
But Gray-Steel had such chance given,
In world was never none so good,
Had strength that yet against him stood :
When that came to the Earl's thought,
He left this play, and held it nought :
And in the chamber walkt a space,
In came the Lady fair of face,
With laughing mouth and lovesome chear,
He said, welcome, my daughter dear,
The comforter of all my care :
Then he is dead that was my care,
Mine heart is bound and also broken,
I am full woe while I be woken.
The Lady said to him againe,
Sir, he that slayes, he will be slain,
Therefore be blyth and make good chear,
For I am come with tidings here,
To comfort you and make you glad,
That ye would passing faine have had :
A man may covet many a year,
That many right hartlie appear,
And he may soon have all his will,
That fellow freck that was so fell :
He lyes low, and is right cold,
That right redoubted was and bold,
And the right abled in his gear,
That ever rode with shield and spear, his

His helm of gold that was so bright,
 It stands at my bed side this night,
 And the hand liggs upon my bed,
 That hath tane many wrongous wed.
 The Earl asked, Who did the deed?
 The Lady said, so God me speed,
 It is a quarter of a year,
 When that time that a knight came here,
 Right sore wounded with sword and knife,
 Scantly was left in him his life:
 Yet I perceived by his aspect,
 He was a ventrous Knight of weer:
 And he had met with Sir Gray-Sneek,
 As many did, and he might feel.
 When I had seen that of the knight,
 I held him in my tower all night,
 Dispoyled him of all his gear,
 Then the most wound that did him dear,
 My stones of vertue stend the blood,
 I made him salve both fine and good,
 They softed him, and made him sleep,
 And laid him down, and could him keep,
 And in the dawning of the day,
 He bowed him, and made his way.
 Fra that he would no longer bide,
 Another salve to him I made,
 That lasted him a day or two,
 A sack of silk I gave him to:
 It is a quarter of a year,
 When time that the knight came here,
 I heard him say that came him fro,
 That he might neither ride nor go.
 The Earl said to the Lady bright,
 When heard ye tidings of the knight?
 From him the Green there came another,
 And he is the samine Knights brother,
 Came talking to me where I stood,
 And brought me tidings fair and good:
 Then hastily he shew to me,
 Beads of Gold and broches three:
 The sack that I gave to the knight,

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And twenty pounes of pennies bright.
Then he said gladly, If I might,
I would be quantred with the knight.
And courteously he asked tythence,
If that of him I had quantance :
And when I asked after the knight,
he said to me, by Marie bright,
he lyes at home into my bed,
Right as I were with Achels led,
Kept in secret and quietly,
And I am come in this country,
To see if he will be my brother,
Send him one wed for another :
And will he not, by heavens King,
There shal men carp of our meeting :
And I have credance of the knight,
And held him in my bower all night :
And in the dawning of the day,
he bouned him to his journey,
And right now is he come again,
And brought me word the knight is slain.
And that made me this time come here,
To comfort you and make good chear :
Now make your quantance with the knight
for he will ride ere day be light.
The Earl he would no longer stand,
But took the Countess by the hand,
The Lady was as white as Swan,
Before them to the bower is gang :
The knight before the Chimney stood,
With right blith countenance and good,
he took his helm into his hand,
hailed the Earl right reberand :
The Lady brought the shield to see,
The Earl then kneeled on his knee,
Thanking the God of heavens King,
And to the knight attour all thing,
On you be worship and honour,
Of fortune ye have won the flower.
So doughtily as ye have sailyed.
And that many thereof have sailyed.

Therefore to God a gift I give,
 Everlasting that while I live,
 It shal be yours ought that is mine.
 The Lady made the knight a syne,
 The knight kneeled full courtesouste,
 And said, then Lord, this young Lady,
 I will now ask her for my wage,
 And have her into marriage:
 The Countesse said, We thinke it right,
 To give the maiden to the knight,
 For his worship and his bountie,
 Give him the maid for honestie.
 The Earl said, If her own consent
 Be to the knight with good intent,
 Then needs not any mo witness,
 None but the Earl and the Countesse,
 And two maidens right mild of mood,
 Against their wills, but for their good.
 The Earl he would no longer stand,
 But took his helm in his right hand,
 Then he bowed it into the hall,
 Into the Court amongst them all.
 And they did know it wonder well,
 To be the helm of Sir Gray-Neel:
 Keaped the Forrest and the Green,
 And many times wold it maintain.
 A knight asked, Who hath him slain?
 The Earl he said to him again,
 A courteous knight hath won the field,
 And brought the helm home and the shield:
 Hath left them with my daughter dear,
 At her own liking in her bower,
 And he is past in his own land,
 And take the glove and the right hand.
 They prayed all to Saint Nicholas,
 To send the knight good prosperie.
 Then seven dayis that gentle knight,
 Was lodged with the Lady bright,
 And all easement he had there,
 That might serve for his own welfare.
 He ward the burghs on the moyn, had

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Wade bring the two Reeds him beforen,
And have them ready ere the day,
He would make no longer delay,
But he would pass in his own land,
With helm, and glove, shield, and the hand.
He takes his leave with lovesome cheer,
Byne at the Lady faire and clear.
Fare wel my love, and my liking,
I leave mine heart in your keeping.
The Lady said, ye shal not tyme,
If I have yours, ye shal have mine.
The burghers rode forth with the knight,
While he might see to ride full right:
Through all the countrey but a guide,
And left him at the Forrest side.
He spurred the Reeds, and did not spare,
And rode out forty miles and more,
While that it drew toward the night,
The passage lay out over an hight,
He would not take the Fell so late,
So far he came another gate.
A burghers had been at the fair,
In merchandise selling his wair,
A yeoman riding at his back,
A little boy draping his pack:
The knight Good Will, went not away,
The burghers was on an haway,
He halld the knight right reverently,
Then to the burghers thus spake he,
With me good friend, if that ye can,
Where that I may get any man,
Where I may find both corn and hay,
And stables for my Reeds till day,
And lodging for my self this night,
That I may have my Reeds well dight,
For I have ridden fast and fare,
I dread the Reeds they are the ware:
But they get meat and noble Rand.
The burghers said, Here is at hand:
Will ye ride west a little down,
Under the Wall a little down,

And ye may get both wine and all,
 And all kind wealth that ye can wail,
 And service both of man and knave,
 And all easements that ye would have:
 It draws late and near the night,
 A stranger man may ride unright:
 I will pas with you when ye ride,
 Good sir, my self shal be your guide,
 We shal not twin while it be late,
 Then shal I put you in the gate:
 The burges is a man of might,
 And he rade talking with the knight.
 He perceived well by his feir,
 He was a venterous knight of weir:
 And by his helm, and by his shield,
 That he had fought and won the field,
 He call'd the man that by him stood.
 So by thee home with all thy mood,
 And see that there be ready dight,
 A royal supper for the knight:
 This is a knight of aventour,
 To me it were a great honour,
 In company sen we are met,
 That I had him in my reset.
 For we must now wile ere we pass,
 Into what Countrey that he was.
 Where he was born, and what degree,
 Or in what land that he would be:
 The yeoman sped him to the town,
 And swyth he caus'd lay the pokes down:
 Call'd the good-wife in pryville,
 The good-man pray'd you tenderlie,
 To see that there be ready dight
 A royal supper for the knight.
 His court is but in quietie,
 A gentle-man he seems to be:
 The good-wife sayes, it should be done,
 So speed you to the kitchen soon.
 Of cookrie she was wonder sler,
 And marked all as it should be.

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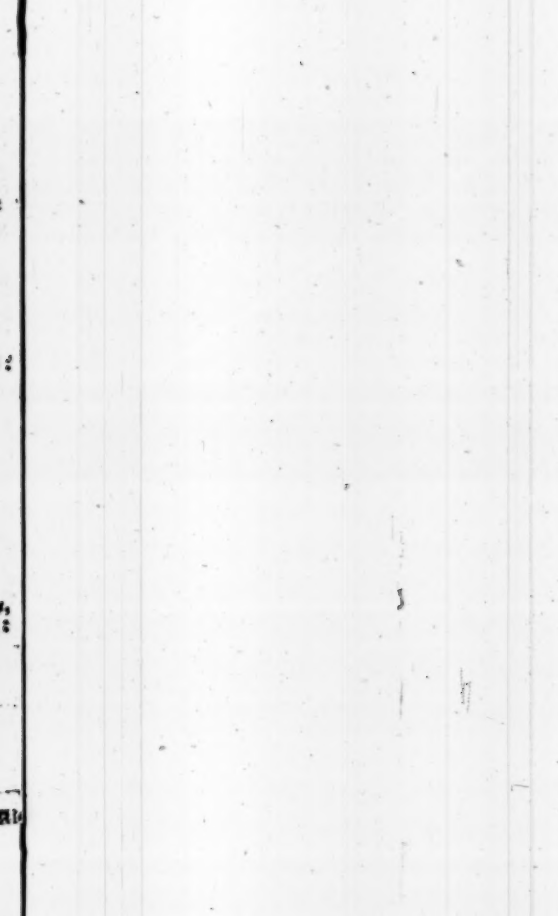
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Good beef and mutton to be brood,
Dight spits, and then laid the Roasts to.
Both of wild fowles, and also of tame,
Of each good thing they wanted name,
The Burghes said, I have sons fair,
Two are great Clarks and great of lare,
The eldest is a young merchant,
He is right fair and well farrand,
They bade the hall soon should be dight,
And a fair fire was burning bright,
And then belyve they set up light,
To keep the coming of the Knight.
As they were entered in the town,
The burghes said in fair fashion,
It shal not turn you to your sketh,
I have an Ynn may serve us bath.
Will ye vouchsafe to pass with me,
To take such a simple harbere.
We shal not swin, sir, all this night.
Gentillie thanked him the knight.
The fairest inne in all the town,
Before the gate they lighted down.
Two yeomen came out of the hall,
When that they heard the Burghes call,
Each one of them bath tane a steed,
A bay syne to the bakney yeed:
Then to the Burghes could he say,
Good sir, while it be near the day,
Ye must these steeds both look and see,
And for to govern them and me.
The burghes said, it shal be done,
And bade they should be stabled soon.
Dight ye them well while it be day,
And bed them soft, where they do lay.
Feed them right well with hay and corn,
Make them good chear until the morn,
And ye shal have none other merds,
But I shal quite you all your berds.
The Clerks they came and bare in light,
Dag to the hall before.

Took off his gear, and laid it by,
 The eldest brother yed on by,
 And brought in soon a stowp of wine,
 With baken meat, and spices fine.
 While that the supper it was dight,
 The spice and wine then drank the knight:
 For he had been in travel long.
 Then fell a talking then among,
 When at the burges could he speer,
 Whom off have ye your holding here,
 Whether of Carl. Lord, or Baroun?
 Of Bishop, or of King with Crown.
 He is no Carl that ought this town,
 And holds it in possession.
 The Knight he said, where wins his hold:
 The burges said, as I have told,
 Betwixt the forrest and the sea,
 In Gallias that great Countrie.
 When he heard tell of Gallias,
 Then thought he on of Lillas,
 That was a worthy ware and wise.
 And joynd full of great gentrice.
 Be that the supper then was dight,
 Bonads covered and set on light:
 Then the good wife made the good chear,
 And said, ye are all welcome here.
 I pray you take it as your own,
 For of your quantance I am faine.
 When they had eaten, they drew the cleas,
 The clarks they stood, and said the grace:
 Then brought they water to the Knight,
 While it was bed time of the night:
 They carped and drank of the wine,
 They bade him to a chamber syne.
 Then said the knight to the burges,
 I pray you fir, of your gentrice,
 That ye will rise before the day,
 And put me forward in the way.
 If ever ye come where that I dwell,
 I will requite you of your travel.





Although your charge were greater sibe :
I shoulde be furthered in that I might.
Greatestlie thanked him the knight :
He bade the yeoman he shoulde not sleep,
For they had two needs for to keep :
But to wake him before the day,
And put him forward in the way :
And laid the shield upon the loar,
And then he rode the knight before :
Himself lap on upon his own,
The worst of them might well have gaine
For King, or Bishop, or Baron :
For they were needs of great renown :
The Burghers rode on his Hackney,
And rode before to guide the way.
Thus rode they but two miles or three,
Before it was day-light to see,
And when the light of day was plain,
The burghers said, I will again :
Now may ye ride where ever ye will,
I pray God keep you from all ill.
The knight he said, Farewel, adew;
Trust ye right well, I shal be trew.
Sir Grahame when he saw the West-land,
And great mountains on his right hand,
Both Daes and Raes, down and red,
And Warts ay casting up their head.
Buckes that brayes, and Warts that balle;
And hundes running into the fields,
And he saw neither rich nor poo,
But moss and ling, and bare wild moo :
So it was then four dayes and mare,
Ere he could win to sit Eger,
Who lived into great distress,
Byding at home in longsomnes.
Then came he home within the night,
And no man got of him a sight,
Nor young nor old into that place,
While that he came to the Palace :
He past into the chamber than.
Sir Grahame 1588

For nothing was into that time,
 Could be more welcom then sir Grahame.
 Balfas then with little ben,
 Weidably took the needs in,
 Ere any day was dawning light.
 Then said sir Grahame unto the knight,
 Now arm you soon in right effair,
 And he put on sir Grahame his gear.
 Sir Grahame into the bed down lay,
 Then to Balfas could he say,
 Into the hall go ye right sweth,
 And see if that the Carl be blyth.
 Then he is at his blidding game,
 He went full soon, and came again,
 And said the Carl was gone to meat
 With Lords and Ladies that are sweet.
 The Carl served us of his bread.
 Sir Grahame sayes, Now it is my reid,
 That ye shal pass into the hall,
 And show to them their tokens all.
 And though that fair young Lady
 Should come and kiss you courteously,
 Keep no kindness to her now,
 And love her as we lovethe you.
 The knight he went, and would not cease,
 Laid down the jewels on the bays,
 Balfas the Carl and the Countess,
 And Barouns that full worthy was,
 And Ladies quyet as any faine:
 Then courteously rose fair Marianne,
 But he did hold his head on sight,
 She knelt and would have kiss the knight.
 She laid her hands about his bays.
 He said, Lady, will I be false?
 For I may no Ladies much like,
 Until I come where my Lady is.
 I am but a simple Watcher,
 And may not be to you a peer.
 We may then chosse and let all go,
 And be a fo.





I will not say all that I think,
As ye have heard, so that ye think:
And then she would no longer sing,
And to the chamber to Sir Grahame,
But she said, My Lord Sir Egge,
Is none in world to me so dear:
At me he is grieved greatly,
And I wot not wherefore not why:
He was never chastised with fall,
That could on me set any law,
In open nor in private,
But that I carryed cruellie,
And that was not in grief nor spite,
But lawfully I may that quite,
Whither he would in Church or Queer.
The Lady wept and made ill chear,
Sir Grahame he said, Let be Grahame,
For he tels in his coming home,
That he hath spyed a Lady gent,
A brighter Bide with blowes bent,
That is as great of kin and blood,
And as for riches by the Rood,
She is of Lordship and of land,
For ought that I can understand;
She is the best for his behove,
Deserts but lightly of your love:
Your foolish words have made him turn,
I think no marvel that ye mourn:
And either come in reverence,
Before the Court in his presence,
While he forgives you heartily,
Or else leave off and let him be,
And take him as your fellow be,
Gyne love another, and let him be,
Sir Egge came into that place,
And found the Lady with Sir Grahame;
And he said forth right hastily,
The words that grieve him grievously,
The swiftest bound that ever was made,
May run so fast into a stude,

Will suffer ere he come to lack,
 A simple bound the game to take :
 I say this now by you Sir Grahame,
 Ye were full wile to wait your time :
 And I have for the Ladies love,
 Suffered the same and great reprove.
 And been in journeyes her to please,
 And ye have bidden at home in ease,
 Will brook her now, and her Ladies two,
 Wherefore mine heart is wonder wo :
 And when your marriage is made,
 Then would ye go into that shade :
 I pray you for your courtesie,
 That ye would ride in towne with me,
 A Lady that I show you than,
 Is gaiting for a greater man.
 The Lady wared wo and pale,
 When that she heard him tell that tale :
 And that perceived wonder well
 Pallias and her Damsel :
 They took the Lady, led her away.
 Sir Grahame, to his Teger could say,
 Sir, let ye be your light language,
 Your Lady is of his barnage,
 And great of kin and heritage,
 And all masterie of her lineage,
 And so wile he makes you to treat,
 And ye hear you again too great.
 Yet do I counsel you to bow,
 And love the Lady that loveth you.
 The knight lay still, and spake no more,
 The Lady sigh'd and wounded sore,
 Into the bower upon her bed.
 Pallias then he him forth sped,
 And said to him, Your Lady clear,
 Is like to buy your love full dear :
 She is in town as soon he went,
 Ye have great sin if she be spent :
 So comfort her for Christ his sake,
 And mean that ye should be her wike.
 Sir Grahame he said, not all this night

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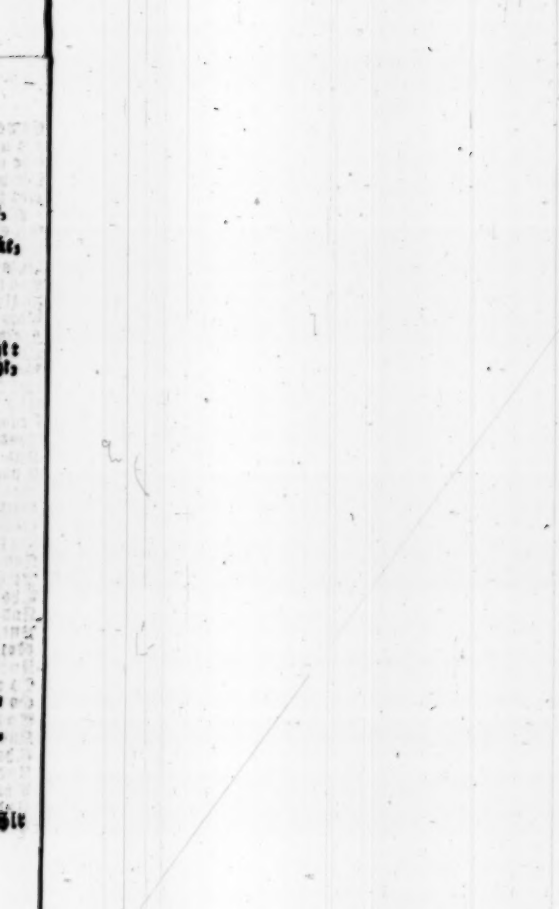


Come in hal be the Ladies light.
 For when he was most in diseale,
 She would do nothing him to please:
 Her words hath grieved him far more,
 For hurt, nor harm, nor any soze,

¶ Soon after that upon a day.

Sir Grahame to sir Eger could say,
 Was on the morn as ye were wont,
 Unto the Forrest for to hunt,
 And if ye may get any bread,
 Shall as he shal your hounds lead,
 This hundred winters saw ye none,
 From hunting get such welcome home.
 And in the dawning of the day,
 He bowed him in right array,
 With twentie mo then I can tell,
 And caught a kid before the ell.
 He sought the Forrest far and near,
 Brake at an hart and slew a deer,
 And a great hart with many ynd,
 A doe, a buck, and so an hynd.
 But good sir Grahame at home could byde,
 Was to the Lady the saming tye:
 He said, Right many works. Grahame,
 Do serbe good thanks, and yet gets nane,
 And so I do both late and aile,
 Betwixt you now and sir Eger:
 The Green he said, that he would fide,
 And I have treated him to bide.
 But neither can I tell how long,
 Nor yet how soon that he will gang.
 And either buy his love this day,
 Or else let him alone for ay.
 So warn the Ladies white as lake,
 To make some work now for your sake.
 And als ye charge them off the town,
 That they meet in procession,
 And satle and in good fashion,
 Then meet him at his lighting down,
 And I shal come and stand you by,
 Give him my counsel tenderly: And

And mend you all if that I may,
 What I can do, or yet can say:
 She met him at his lighteing down,
 Before the whole procession,
 She kneeld low down upon her knee,
 Then said Sir Graham full courteously,
 This Lady that is white as lake,
 Hath made great work, Sir, for your sake,
 And courteously forgiue her clear.
 This hundred winters laye nere,
 For that she such procession,
 Betwixt the castle and the town:
 Into his armes soon he her caught,
 And from ye well that was soon fought:
 For both their hearts they were so light,
 As ever Falcon was of sight.
 Then to the Prison of the town,
 A worthy man of great renown.
 Where ever I travel, Sir, of late,
 I wrought fully, not as a blate:
 For we will now no longer sin.
 The Earl he called on Sir Graham,
 And order Barons great of might,
 Pace on your way all with the knight,
 And maidens with the Lady bright.
 Be it was twelue hours of the night,
 They married them in rich array:
 And for twelue dayes they made a cry,
 They cryed a Banquet to stand,
 With the great gentles of the land.
 All would come to that Banquet,
 And Knights to honour that Lady,
 And all that liked far and near,
 To eat and drink and make good chear,
 To comfort them and make them glad,
 Minstrels they playd as they them bad.
 Soon after that upon a day,
 Sir Graham could to Sir Egge say,
 I thought I had a little thing,
 To purpose if I might it bring,
 Was that he fellows as for ay,





Sir Eger said, Ye shal be sway :
For here I wote to God of might,
I shal never come in that light,
Nor ye too low, nor I too hie,
But ye shal be as good as me,
Where ever ye eat as where ye ly,
For all kind thing that ever may be,
And well arrayed in all kind of thing,
To make good service for a King.
Sir Grahame said, I have made a band,
To pass again into your land,
And I may not but perceiving,
Would ye lead to your Lady young,
That ye live here in lasting pain,
While ye go to your land again.
Soon after that then Sir Eger,
Said to Wilkins the Lady cleer,
Madame, I am under a vow,
My counsel I must take of you,
We think I live in lasting pain,
While I go to your land again.
Sir, then he sayes, there is no need
Ye put your self in such a deed.
Send ye Sir Wallas your brother,
Ye love him better then another :
He shal have gold enough to spend,
And men of armes him to defend,
He is an hardy man and wight.
Sir Eger said, he is too light,
And loves too well to sit at wine,
That many travail is glad to tyme.
But if ye would that I should bide,
So treat Sir Grahame for me to ride :
If he will pass into that land,
And take my charge upon his hand.
And he would bide no longer tyme,
But sent a Squer to Sir Grahame.
My Lord hath made a sober band,
To pass again unto your land,
In the countrey he slew the knight,
But though a man be never so wight.

He should not pass in perils ay,
 And I would fain he bade away.
 Sir Crahame then said, Get me a knight,
 And fiftie Squyers both bold and wight,
 And I shal pass in that countrey,
 And make him of all charges free.
 They gave a knight that beght sir Hew,
 An hardie man both wise and trew,
 Then the fourth day they made them bowen,
 They took their leave and left the town.
 Through the west-land full right they rode,
 And at the burges Inne they bade,
 Befeze where they took herberie,
 With all their Court and companie.
 He received him right reverentlie,
 But they knew not that it was he.
 He said, He burges, where are ye bowen ?
 The burges said, unto this town.
 And als he said, I have an hall,
 Both wine and ale to serve you all.
 The knight then said, ken ye not me :
 The burges said, so mot I die,
 I saw you not befoze this night,
 But that you seem a courteous knight.
 Once I caus'd you travel right late,
 And come your erand in my gate,
 I shal it quite and all your meeds,
 And for the Rabling of the frede.
 Then knew the burges it was he,
 And knelted down upon his knee,
 And swore by Iesus heavens king,
 I am right glad of your coming,
 With such a Court and company,
 And right so well my Lady be.
 See that ye make this Court good cheere,
 Let no man wit that we are here.
 Not for a finger of mine hand,
 That ever ye saw me in this land,
 He past to his wife from the knight,
 And bade her soon a supper light :
 He saven there to come to this town,

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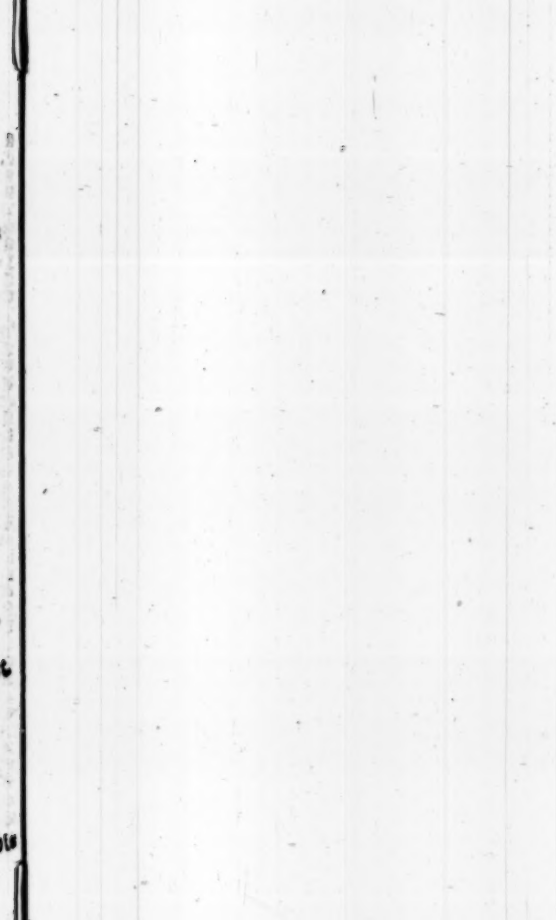
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A pretty Court, and lighted down :
Of them there is but knightes two,
And fiftie Squyers, and no mo,
A little Boy upon a need :
But in no Countrey that I ride,
Saw I never in land or sea,
A more cleaulier companie :
In all Gallias is not such ten,
As they be fiftie Gentle-men.
The knight that is their master-man,
In all the haste I may or can,
Bade me that I should come to you,
And tell that he might right well trow,
That this is he the same knight,
That rode home by the day was light,
When that I staled the steeds tway,
And then I guided him the way :
He sayes, that he will be your Guest,
When he hath put his court to rest.
She said, speed thee with all thy meed,
To comfort them and make them glad,
And chamber them as they should be.
They brought the knight on piveille,
Where he met with the Lady clear :
He said, My soveragn, and my dear,
How late ye sen I went you fro ?
Well sir, she said, have ye done so ?
And your two maidens myld as mood ?
They beked low, and by him stodd,
And if I live a year to end,
To your marriage I shal you mend,
And forty pounds shal be the least,
For your good will and your request.
They covered boords all of new,
Brought spiced meats of noble hew,
All dainties into dishes right,
To the Lady and to the knight.
Thus late the Lady and the knight
While that ten hours was of the night,
Sitting at their callation,

Then to a chamber are they down,
 Where as he made the knight to ly,
 Her self went in a chamber by:
 And on the morne at service time,
 The burghers came to see sir Grahame.
 Said, Giat' h you sir and make you down
 To go to service in the town.
 The Carl is come unto service,
 And all his household more and less,
 The Countess that is much of might,
 And faire Lillias the Lady bright.
 Sir Grahame met him upon the street,
 And fiftie Squyers upon their feet,
 Kneeling right low upon their knees,
 Which was a seemly sight to see:
 Hailed the Countess then the clear.
 And other Ladies faire of feir:
 So did sir Hew the gentle knight,
 The Countess and her maidens bright.
 The Ladies that were white as lake,
 Kissed the Squyers all for his sake.
 The Carl called upon a knight,
 Bade see the dinner should be right,
 For all his Court and company,
 For I will bring them all with me.
 Then after service went to meat,
 And as soon as the Carl was set,
 And the Countess that is much of might,
 Then faire Lillias the Lady bright;
 I wot they marshals'd her full right,
 Right with sir Grahame that noble knight.
 Sir Hew upon the other side,
 With him a Lady of much pride;
 Thus they were altogether set,
 Even at the board to eat their meat.
 The Carl was served in his state,
 With cup and piece of golden plate,
 And all was silver, dish, and spoon:
 The Emperour, o' Pope of Rome,
 Might have rung in such royaltie,





This same day in their mangerie,
Then twentie dayes the knight caus'd cry,
Into that land that he should ly,
If any would in peace or weer,
To come in plain and probe his gear,
They should find him there ready down,
And fittle Squyers in the town:
Or yet a knight to bear a tale,
To just if any would offall.

Then wrote sir Grahame to sir Eger,
The burgels him the letter bare.
He bade him he would pass the fell,
And in no countrey he should dwel,
Nor rest him in no kind of Realm,
While he came in the Land of Bealm.
For sir Eger heard of sir Grahame,
Was like a Lord in such a fine,
Soon in haste he caus'd be sight,
An hundred men in armes full bright:
And of them there was but knightis two,
And landed men many of tho.
There was no yeomen men but ten,
For all the rest were landed men.
The burgels then that was their guide,
For all the haste that he could ride,
It was late ere he lighted down,
On the first night in his own town.
Rested them well, while on the morn,
And fed their horse with bread and corn,
And then upon another day,
Dined ere they would pass away:
Through the Ryot then that they made,
And the long time that they there bade,
That night they wun to the Sattract,
And harbored in another place,
Right late upon the water down,
Twelve miles is by west the town.
The burgels he had an Ynne there,
And made them all right well to fare:
And by ten houre was of

To Garracetown upon a way,
 Sir Grahame was bounding to a play,
 And all his men in good array:
 With helm and shield, and spear in hand,
 Upon a gentle flood he ran,
 And little Squyers bold and bright.
 Then said the knights to the knight,
 You are men, be of your countrie,
 Riding adventures for to see,
 They govern them in good manner,
 And have done as soon they came here,
 Sir Eger came into such fear,
 And was so glittering in his gear,
 Came never none such in that Realm,
 As was the gentle-men of Bealm,
 And fra sir Eger got a sight,
 Of Lillian the Lady bright,
 He lighted down and left his heed,
 And to her on his feet he reed,
 And kissed her right reverentlie,
 And he knew not the Earl was by,
 And that perceiv'd well sir Grahame.
 To sir Eger he said that time,
 While I be quick, or yet be dead,
 Either for friendship or for lead,
 Our companie shall be as true,
 As fir when we began of new,
 Then sent he forth on every hand,
 His messengers to warn the land,
 That all should semble far and near,
 Bishops, Abbots, both Monk and Frier.
 There was then at his lighting down,
 Four hundred in procession,
 That were men of Religion,
 Singing for him devotion.
 When he was dead and laid in grave,
 Sir Eger found him by the grave,
 And said, In faith for God me save,
 I am too ill to be your knave,
 For your sake I have done this deed,



For when I was inio most need,
With that great champion Gray-Steel,
Both sore pangsht and wounded ill,
He armed me then with such gear,
And caus'd me gang in lained fear,
To take my leave into the hall,
Then past I forth before them all,
And when he had me keep mine hand,
I had rather then all your Land,
He might had fortune to long age,
For he was ill and full outrage
Your words they grieved me so sore,
They brought me in sorrow and care,
Behov'd me for to be down,
But he was bold and ready down,
He past stoutly on adventure,
And wan me worship and honour,
And slew Gray-Steel for all his might,
Syn privily upon a night,
He brought me home both helm and hand,
Which wan me you, and all your land,
Wherefore I shal example be,
To all that shal come after me,
Both poor and rich, I let you wit,
That I all company shal quite,
It shal go with him to the end,
That he hath won with hulk and sword,
The honour he shal never tins,
He was so good in governing,
I make it known to good and ill,
It was Sir Grahame that slew Gray-Steel.
Then said Christiane the Lady this,
Then he shal have away the pille,
The worship it is with him gone,
How may I live in lasting pain:
I should never have made you band,
Ye should never have had mine hand,
And ye should never have been mine,
Had I kend it had been Sir Grahame,
Thus she was so set all to ill.

As wretched women that ever last will
 Amongst themselves there is no end
 Can gather them but will offend
 Into her hands he cast a book,
 And to some secret he bestowed,
 And left the fair Rosalind for Beauty,
 And thought to live upon her beam.

¶ And he yet thought upon a time,
 Upon himself and on his shame,
 He bowed him with grief and tears,
 On God he told to fight in wars,
 To Rodolph he sent the many years,
 And was a soldier to the Pope,
 When to the Rhine he was his way,
 And there was Captain years ten,
 He discomfited a lot of men,
 Whose thousands were slain by sale,
 For soldiers thousands died there,
 A better man then he yet,
 And he confessed that day to live,
 He gave himself to some other,
 When he discomfited in some story,
 By that discomfited was told in story,
 He took his leave, and passed him,
 Little had he thought then,
 And they at his good concern,
 Of his lands he made him lord,
 And he made her Lady of his,
 A Bishop made a band of his,
 And wedded them both with a ring:
 Both of them became King,
 To grant him grace and good to spend,
 And lost of which that latter end.

